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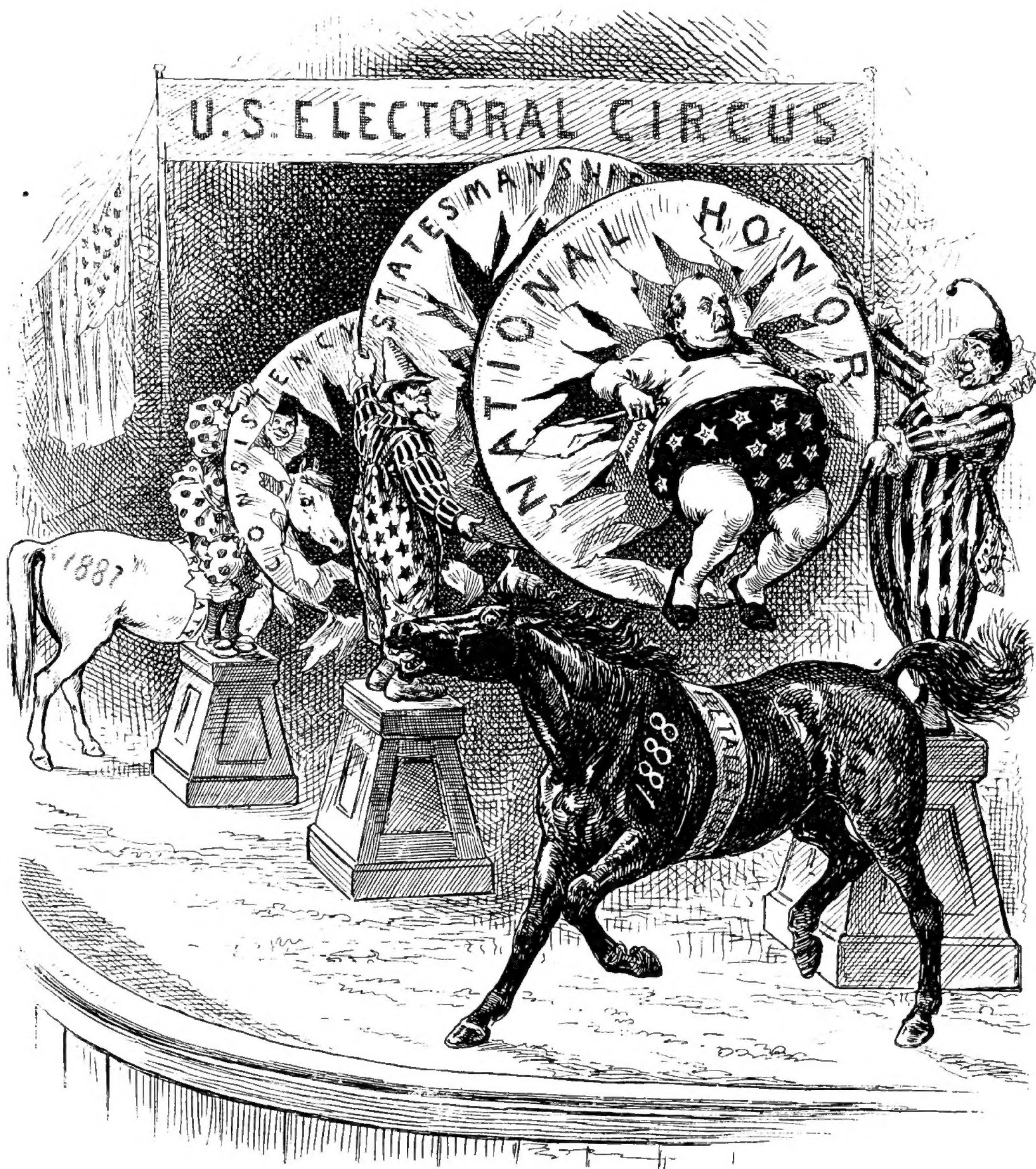
# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 10.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.  
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GROVER CLEVELAND'S GREAT SOMERSAULT ACT.



# The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,

162 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL,

AND 127 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO.

8th SEPTEMBER, 1888.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is published simultaneously in MONTREAL and in TORONTO. MESSRS. ALEX. S. MACRAE & SON are in charge of the Toronto office, 127 Wellington street west where they will continue to receive subscriptions and advertisements, and attend to our interests in Western Ontario.

We solicit sketches, drawings and photographs from all parts of Canada. We want to illustrate every part of the Dominion; but must have the coöperation of those who have the material at hand.

Subscribers wanted everywhere at \$4.00 a year, or \$1.00 for three months, payable in advance. Special terms to clubs, and a handsome commission to canvassers. For further particulars apply to the Montreal or Toronto office.

Correspondents sending manuscripts which they wish returned, if not accepted, are requested to enclose stamps for return postage.

Our two next issues, Nos. 11, of the 15th, and 12, of the 22nd September, appearing during the great Dominion Exhibition, to be held in Toronto from the 10th to the 22nd, will contain many illustrations of special interest to Toronto and vicinity. Among others will be: In No. 11:—

A portrait of the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, SIR ALEX. CAMPBELL.

A group of the Council of the TORONTO BOARD OF TRADE.

AQUATIC SPORTS ON TORONTO BAY, held August 25th.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, Toronto.

THE ROYAL AVENUE, Toronto.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, Toronto.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, Toronto.

HANLAN'S POINT, Toronto.

In No. 12:—

A portrait of the Hon. EDWARD BLAKE.

A double page of the ONTARIO PARLIAMENT.

ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL, Toronto.

NO. 2 INFANTRY COMPANY, and portraits of COL. OTTER, CAPTAIN CARL, and SURGEON STRANGE.

THE BANK OF MONTREAL, Toronto.

THE MERCER REFORMATORY, Toronto, together with fine art pictures of seasonable interest.

As we look for a large demand for these two splendid numbers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, dealers are requested to send their extra orders early to the Toronto News Company.



The Canadian Government set the United States a good example in advising Canadian owners of sealing vessels not to attempt capturing seals in Behring's Sea until the question of Russian and American jurisdiction was settled. Hence the Alaska Seal Company—an American concern—made the most of their hunting grounds, reaping a rich harvest. As the Boston *Advertiser* says, in acknowledging the handsome behaviour of the Canadians, "No prince in the world has such preserves."

In our "Literary Notes," last week, we alluded to the complimentary manner in which several of the features of Quebec education were spoken of by the Ontario school inspectors. Many of the latter contrasted the manners of the youth of Ontario with those of Quebec, and the lack of respect shown to teachers and callers, on the one hand, with the courtesy characteristic of the other. Well, there is something in that. The Quebec youth is polite and civil, that is a fact. Wherever you meet him, the boy will take off his cap, and the girl will drop a "reverence."

The editor of this journal always likes to go back to the testimony of one man, in especial, regarding the "manifest destiny" of the Northwest, because he foresaw it a decade or more ago. That seer is U. S. Consul Taylor, many years a dweller in Winnipeg. He was the first to proclaim that the three-fourths of the whole hard wheat territory of the American continent lay in the Canadian Northwest, and he said as much in his official report to his Government, which drew wide attention, and was one of the earliest and strongest lifts that our western country ever received.

Mr. Taylor long ago laid down the geographical lines of the Hard Wheat Belt, showing that it embraced the present Province of Manitoba and the Territories reaching west and northwest, or the future provinces of Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca. To this immense region, equal to Great Britain and Ireland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France, the Canadian Pacific Railway constitutes "a base line, resting on which the highest development of cereal and animal production is assured by all experience and analogy in the heart of the American continent."

As if it were not enough to be the unwilling refuge of American swindlers, is Canada also to be the home of literary robbers and pirates? The *Gazette* has just unearthed a case of the pillage of a whole volume of poems by Isidore G. Ascher, admired and esteemed throughout Canada, and its publication *holus bolus* under another's name. Following closely on this, the *Mail* pulls up a clergyman of Fenelon Falls who prints a hymn, "Sleeping in Jesus," as his, over his full name, and asks the writer to explain how those beautiful verses find place, as No. 279, in the Hymnal of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, 1881, with Mackay as author?

The wide influence which his own high character, and the jurisdiction of the great Church over which he presides, must give to the timely words of the pastor of Notre Dame more than parochial weight. Two Sundays ago he urged on mothers the necessity of teaching their daughters all kinds

of housework, to become good housewives, to be able to manage a household, to cook, and to make and mend clothes. If, he added, women were wiser, if they received an education more Christian, more in conformity with the necessities of life, how many husbands would be better and more devoted to their families, which would to-day be happy instead of being plunged in wretchedness.

There is no doubt whatever that the periodical literature of England is far above anything ever yet attempted in the United States or Canada. To speak only of one branch—that of the literary weeklies—the Americans have nothing at all to show alongside of the *Athenaeum*, the *Examiner*, the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Academy* and one or two more of the same cast. The two reasons are that there is not the scholarship to feed these publications, nor the general culture to appreciate them.

And yet these papers fall, at times, into the most commonplace blunders. Reviewing Kingsford's "History of Canada"—the first volume—the *Athenaeum* finds fault with the author for writing *pain bénit*, when he should have written "consecrated wafer." Now, the historian knew what he was saying, and the reviser does not know what he is talking about. In French Canada, *pain bénit* is not a "consecrated wafer," nor host, but a "blessed bread," or loaf—often monumental—sprinkled with holy water, on solemn occasions, in memory of the *agape* of the first Christians.

In like manner the *Saturday Review*, giving over a column to a full and deservedly favourable account of Mr. Gerald E. Hart's "Fall of New France," takes occasion to abuse French Canada and its people, with its wonted savagery. To prove their inborn hostility to England, the reviser says that, in Quebec, while scant honour has been done to Wolfe, there is a towering monument to Montcalm, in one of the most public places. Now, it is a standing reproach to Quebec that there is not a solitary token to Montcalm, except that in the twin shaft which a British Governor raised in the garden, facing the Terrace, while there is a second memorial to Wolfe, on the very spot where the hero "died victorious."

The Ontario papers are still publishing letters, on the definite complaints of extortion at the Niagara Park. Not only do the commissioners go on levying the paltry toll for admission into the grounds, against which the whole press of Canada protested—because it was, and is, a slur upon the fair fame of the whole country—but the hotel charges are preposterously high, and the fee of one dollar is required, in addition to room and bed, for breakfast, under seizure of luggage, even when the meal is not taken. This were amusing, if it were not criminal, showing how the greed of coin will drive men, who set up for gentlemen, into vulgar robbery.

## OUR WEALTH OF NEAT AND KINE.

Canada has given the world the spectacle of a remarkable experience. Up to ten years ago, when protection to our manufacturers was established, under the sounding, and not ill-chosen, name of National Policy, all the provinces of the Dominion were almost wholly made up of farms, and the country was rightly said to be mainly agricultural. One objection to the change of



## THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

## II.

As a *general* principle, the Monroe Doctrine is untenable.

I fear that Mr. Jefferson meant it to be of general application, not as yet, in 1802, but later in life. His writings seem to show this, but if Thomas Jefferson lived in our days, he would not write as he did. The following are the grounds on which I uphold my proposition:—

1. In the first place, it is admitted that, above party politics and international animosities, there are certain great principles, a certain universal polity, which must, and does, rule the world. In that point of view the seas and the continents of both hemispheres are the common property of humanity. The incessant immigration into every corner of the globe and the facilities of travel have made this a physical right. There is, indeed, an European code for European affairs, an American code for American affairs, an Asiatic code for Asiatic affairs, but above these there is a cosmopolitan code, which governs them all. Jefferson and the politicians of his school do not admit this. They draw "a meridian of partition through the ocean," beyond which Europe must not venture, on the one hand, nor America, on the other. But this is the old Canutian doctrine: "Thus far and no farther." None but God can arrest the waves. Statesmen are powerless to stem the overwhelming of the world's opinion. Americans themselves have been unable to avoid meddling in European affairs. In 1829 they were for interfering in the Grecian crisis. A little more and their fleet would have fought at Navarrio, with Russia, England and France. They came near getting entangled in the Crimean war. Americans must be honest to themselves and to the world. They were forced to acknowledge the universal code. Mr. Marcy, Secretary of State under Fillmore, refused to sign the clause against privateering, added to the law of nations, in the Treaty of Paris, after the fate of Sebastopol. Scarcely six years afterward Mr. Seward, Secretary of State under Lincoln, offered to sign it, and even stooped so far as to ask the retrospective protection of that clause when the Alabama swept the seas, the scourge of northern shipping.

2. Always excepting special cases of necessity, the Monroe Doctrine has no foundation in right. It has no *interent* right, derived from political or geographical position. Not political, for, although a Republic may be the best government for the United States, it is an open philosophical question whether it is the best government for the other nations of this hemisphere. The history of South America, for the last sixty years, would almost show that it is not. Neither does their geographical situation give Americans such *interent* right, and it is only in case of *danger* that geographical neighbourhood can confer the right of meddling. Furthermore, the Monroe Doctrine is grounded on no *conceded* right. No document can be produced, no public act pointed out by which it is shown that this American protectorate has been demanded or claimed as a *right* by the nations of this hemisphere, still less has this right been conceded in Europe. If, then, this famous doctrine is founded neither on *interent* or *conceded* right, it must be on *assumed* right. And that is precisely the fact of the matter. It was enforced on two special occasions, and justly, as I stated before, and then was gradually assumed by the two distinguished authors as a principle of general polity. Even then it was accepted by the Democratic party.

3. I may add the following argument *a pari*. Systems similar to the so called "American System" have been tried before, but they were opposed at the time, as well as condemned by impartial history. There was the Holy Alliance, which assumed to take the whole of Europe under its wing. Notwithstanding its numerical strength, its moral influence was never acknowledged, and it died in its impotence. There was Napoleon's Continental Policy, more aggressive, it is true, but not less assuming and aggregate in principle. The Pope withstood it for once and was imprisoned

and banished in consequence. Should England proclaim an East India system embracing all the countries contiguous to her vast concessions in that part of the world, is there an American who would justify her? We must look at the Monroe Doctrine in the same light, for the underlying principle is similar.

4. Finally, a common sense requires that before we lay down a broad principle of protectorate over North and South American people, the United States should be sure of two points, neither of which, in the nature of things, we can know to a certainty. They should ascertain whether their services are *desirable*, and whether they will be productive of greater *good*. "Lord, save us from our enemies" is a not infrequent prayer among individuals, and why might it not be made by Spanish, Brazilian, Mexican, or even Canadian, people, whose ideas, traditions, religion, language and customs are different from, and somewhat antagonistic to, ours? And, again, how do they know, when rushing in between an American and European power, that they are not thereby preventing a great national good being done to the former? European nations are no less enlightened than they, and if we are to take, as a test, the late Civil War, no less liberal and humane. Why not let them settle their own affairs with American powers in their own way? Why cannot they act on the common sense principle of minding their own business?

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

## LITERARY NOTES.

George Weber, the German historian, is dead at the age of 80.

Wm. Black, the novelist, says the only axe a novelist has to grind is the climax.

Monsieur Chevreuil, the French scholar, celebrated his one hundred and second birthday on the 31st ult.

It is estimated that the total number of books in all the American public libraries is 21,000,000.

At a meeting of the Board of Wesley College, Winnipeg, the Rev. J. W. Sparling, of Kingston, was appointed Principal from October 1st.

A paper in Boston, which offered Mr. Gladstone £100 for an article, has just offered Mr. Browning £250 for a short poem. Mr. Browning has declined in a characteristic letter.

The advertisement of a book sale lately contained the following: "And included in this sale is an accumulation of recent books, mostly with the edges unopened, as published, the property of a well known critic."

The event of next winter in the religious world will be Father Didon's "Life of Christ," which has long been expected by those who believe that the Dominican preacher will entirely refute Mr. Renan's work.

It is expected that the dictionary of the North American Indian tribes, upon which the United States Bureau of Ethnology has been at work for many years, will be issued within a few months in a volume of about 500 pages. There ought to be Canadian contributors to this work.

The late Dr. Edward H. L. Leffingwell's \$75,000 collection of autographs has, for several years, been kept in a cabinet with other valuable papers belonging to Dr. Leffingwell, in the rooms of the Historical Society at the old State House, New Haven, Conn. By his will it becomes the property of a niece.

A papyrus of extraordinary beauty and completeness, of the 14th century before our era, has been added to the British Museum. It contains certain chapters of the "Book of Death," carefully copied out by a scribe of Thebes. Its remarkable features are the illustrations. The colouring of these is as vivid as if the work had been done yesterday, instead of 30 centuries ago.

## TO CHLOE.

FROM HORACE.

You shun me, Chloë, as a little fawn  
Seeking her anxious dam o'er lonely heights;  
Not without idle fear when there alights  
A stir of air on Nature's wooded lawn;

For whether to the wind the wild-briar shakes  
With rushing leaves; or grass-green lizards part  
In separate ways the ruddy bramble-brakes,  
It trembles in each limb and in its heart.

Yet I pursue thee not to strike thee down,  
Like some Gaetulian lion or tiger fierce;  
Then hang no longer to thy mother's gown,  
Thy heart is fully ripe for love to pierce.

Montreal.

SAREPTA.

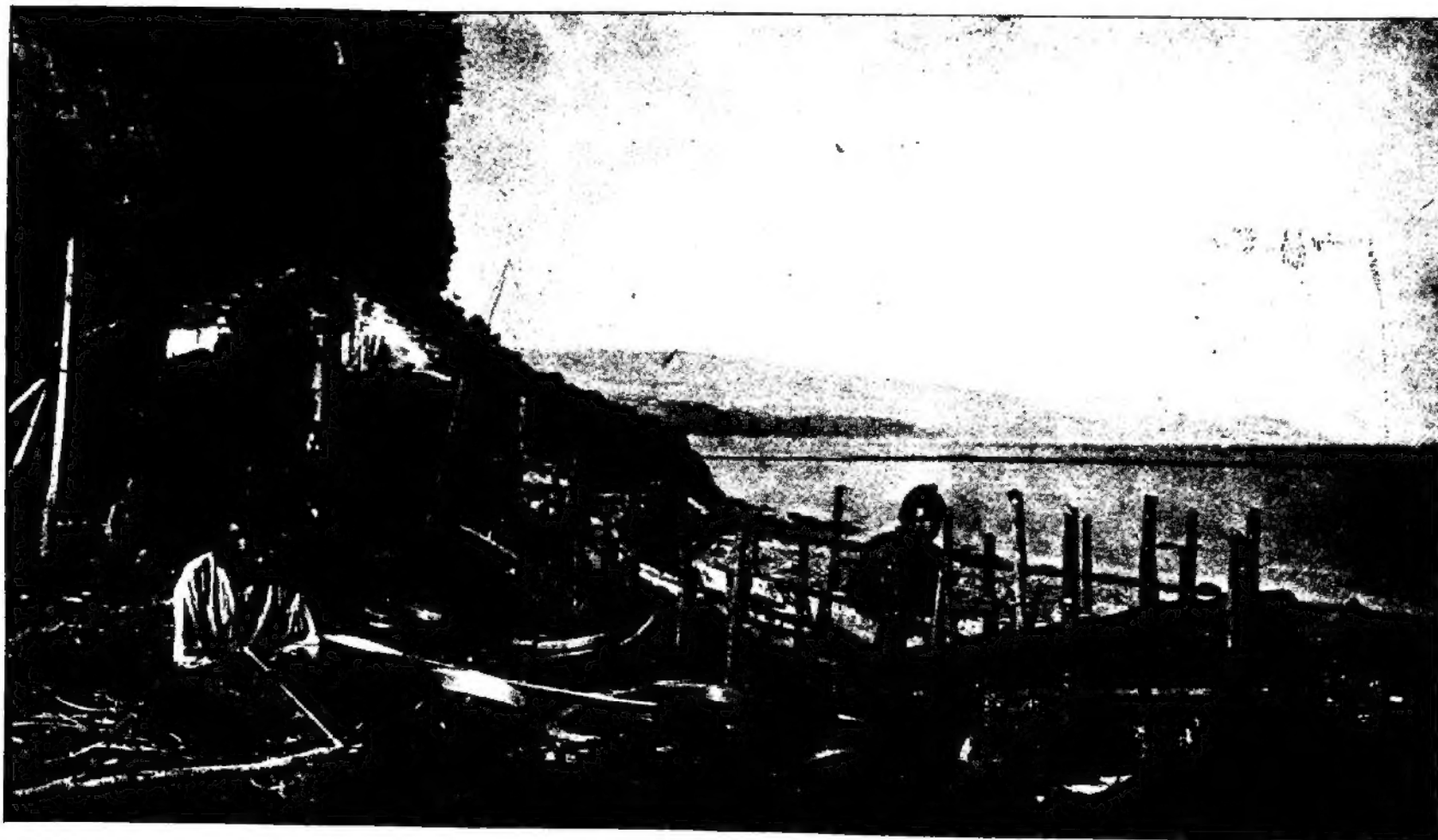
policy was precisely that, in setting up the several lines of industry, we should be doing fatal damage to our farming interests. Now, within the first year of the operation of the tariff, when factories and mills began to boom over the land, it was found that the field and farm wore a brighter aspect, and that improved modes of tilling and stock-raising sprang into existence. In other words, the loom and the plough work into each other, and the artisans' improved wages were a gauge of the growing thrift of garth and upland. This was especially observable in the old Province of Quebec, which had little or no manufactures, and was exclusively given to the cultivation of the soil. To-day, while the province has her full share of industrial establishments, she also makes a fair show in the outgrowths of the farms.

Where our progress has been most striking is in the rearing of cattle. It would take a column to enumerate the stocking establishments which have sprung up almost everywhere, but especially in the two old Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, to say nothing of the ranches of the sheltered and full-grassed Foot Hills of the Rockies. While experiments have been made with every variety of breed, a few have been chosen as more suited for the climate and, among these, perhaps the Jerseys stand first as milch cows, and as having formed several native Canadian families, especially the St. Lamberts and St. Heliers. There are other raisers who set as high an estimate on the Herefords, especially in pasture lands, where they thrive admirably for beef. In the Island of Montreal, and elsewhere, indeed, the Polled Angus prove their hardy adaptation to a cold climate, while in many of the best parts of Ontario the Shorthorn stand favourite as "all around" and general purpose cows. The Holstein—Friesian breed, having been lately introduced into Canada from the United States, where it dates back not yet thirty years, is also attracting a great deal of attention. Some claiming for it the first rank in the dairy.

The wealth invested in cattle is one of the most striking features of the growth of the Dominion and the fitness of her climate for stock-raising of every one of the available varieties. As a trade, the experience was fluctuating for a period, prosperity being followed by dearth, and fortunes being sunk into bankruptcy, but the law of supply and demand did not fail at last to put Canada in its proper place among the first of exporting grounds, and placing Montreal at the head of shipping ports. Thus, the shipments of cattle from the four Atlantic ports for the week ending August 18, were as follows: Boston, 1,153 cattle and 2,684 quarters beef; New York, 2,070 cattle and 5,460 quarters beef; Baltimore, 939 cattle, and Montreal, 3,567 cattle and 2,607 sheep.

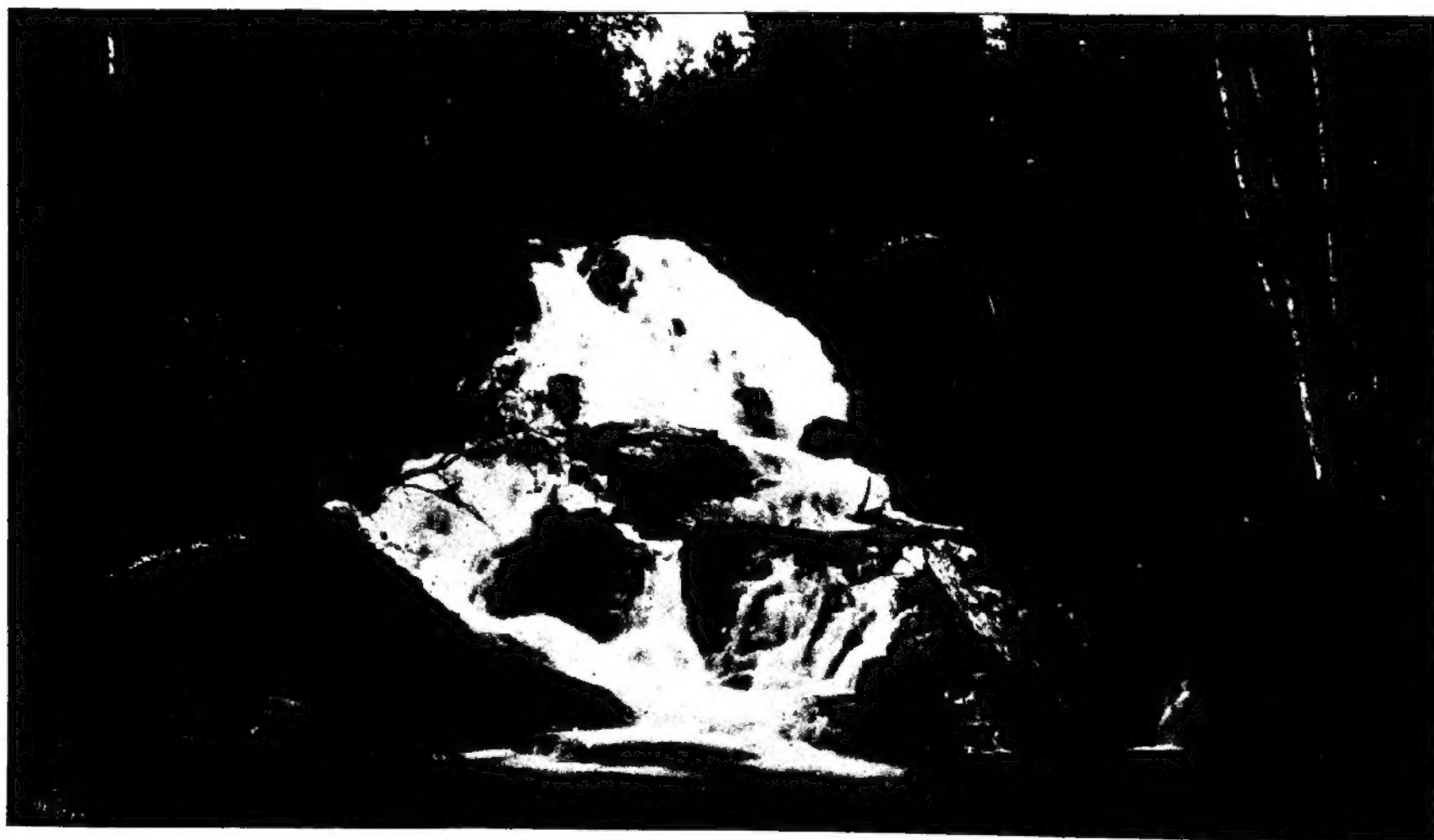
—Apropos of the late Jesuits' estates discussion, an English gentleman, writing to a friend in this city, says: "A nephew of Earl Amherst, who was Governor-General of India, told me yesterday, on reading your paper about 'Jesuits' estates,' that £3,000 annually was settled on the Amherst heir, 'in lieu of the Jesuits' estates,' and that the present Lord Amherst receives said £3,000 a year."—*Montreal Gazette*.

Some of the handsomest old mansions on the continent may be seen in Annapolis, Md., where they have stood with but little alteration since the early colonial days. A few of the houses date back to the seventeenth century, but the more imposing of them were built just prior to the revolution, when Annapolis was the seat of a refined and wealthy community.



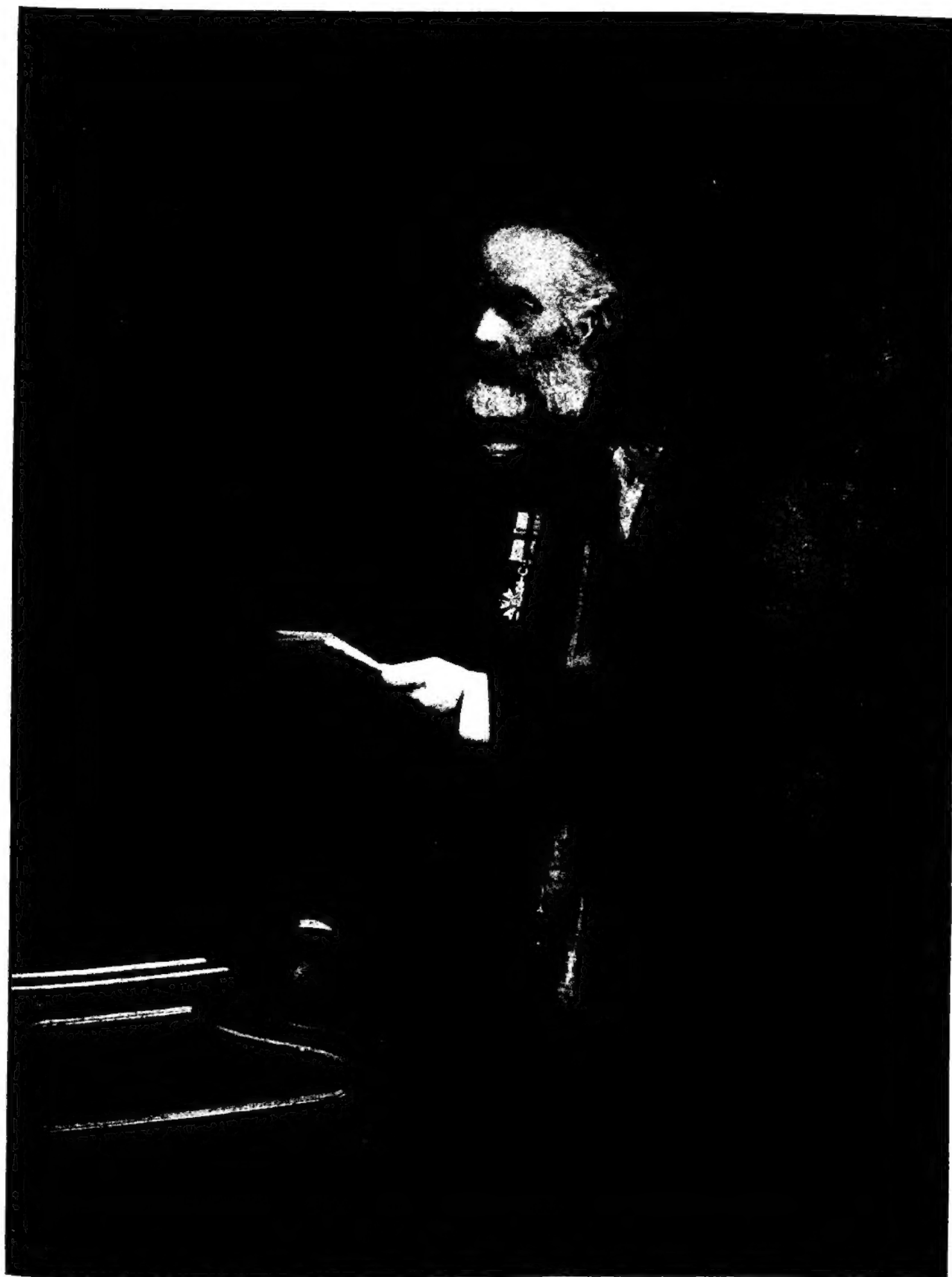
INDIANS MAKING BIRCH-BARK CANOES, MURRAY BAY, P. Q.

From a photograph by Henderson.



"LES TROUS" FALLS, MURRAY BAY.

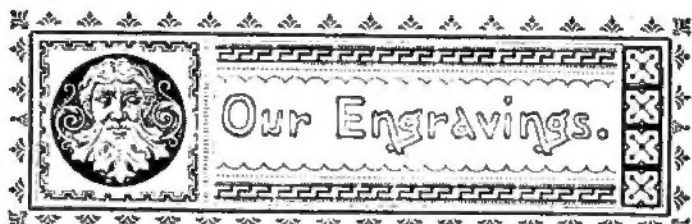
From a photograph by Henderson.



SANFORD FLEMING, Esq., C.E., C.M.G., CHANCELLOR OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

From a photograph by Topley.





**THE CARTOON.**—This sketch, drawn with a keen sense of the situation which it is meant to depict, shows better the undignified and unworthy action of President Cleveland in regard to retaliation against a well-meaning and unoffending neighbour, than any written comment, although we took care to utter our blunt opinion on the subject in an editorial article of last week.

**INDIANS MAKING CANOES.**—Here is a characteristic Indo-Canadian scene, no farther away from the haunts of civilization than Murray Bay. The whole cabin has turned out—"the old man"; father and mother in the same boat; girl and boy at the door; the broad St. Lawrence to the right of the picture; and a sheer crag on the left. In a day or two that frail canoe will be spinning across the mighty river.

**"LES TROUS" FALLS.**—Another scene at Murray Bay, with a very odd name—"The Holes." The number of falls from Quebec to Tadoussac, especially on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, is so great as to form a distinct feature of the landscape, and, while "Les Trous" cannot vie with the Falls of Montmorency or St. Annes, they have a stamp of grandeur quite their own.

**SANDFORD FLEMING.**—There are few of our public men who are better known than this great engineer, whom we present to our readers, to-day, in his flowing robes as Chancellor of Queen's University. Mr. Fleming was born at Kircaldy, Scotland, 7th January, 1827, was brought up as a civil engineer, and, coming to Canada, became engineer-in-chief of the Northern Railway. He was a delegate to England from Red River, in 1863; chief engineer of the Intercolonial Railway for thirteen years, from 1863-76, and of the Canadian Pacific in 1871, from which he retired in 1880. For his services to science and to his adopted Canada, he was made a C.M.G. in 1877; was chosen Chancellor of Queen's University, Kingston, in 1880; was delegated to the International Congress at Venice, in 1881; presented with the degree of LL.D. by the University of St. Andrew's, in 1884; represented Great Britain at the Washington Conference, for the adoption of a prime meridian, in 1884; is a director of the Hudson's Bay Company; was a director of the C. P. R. Co., in 1885; and appointed a delegate to the Imperial Federation Conference, in 1887. He received, and deservedly, the Confederation medal, in 1886, and is the author of a number of valuable professional and scientific works.

**SAULT STE. MARIE BRIDGE.**—The geographical position and importance of this great engineering work is its main claim to public notice. The engraving, taken from a photograph by Henderson, is impressive from its aspect of solitude, not a soul being seen on buttress, beam or water, and the broad element being as smooth as glass.

**VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL.**—Although a familiar scene, it is one of the prettiest in Canada. The central figure is the statue of the Queen, in bronze, by Marshall Wood, unveiled by the Marquis of Dufferin some twelve years ago. The square is framed in by noble warehouses, of white Montreal granite, and among the spires in view are those, on the left, of the Y. M. C. A. and St. Andrew's; in front, of the Church of the Messiah; and, to the right, of St. Patrick's.

**COBBLER'S SHOP,** from a painting by Haanan.—Calz Wolaig, whose name we see over the door in this engraving, is demonstrating digitally that the charge made for repairing the young maiden's shoes is not out of keeping with the excellence of the work, which she appears to be questioning. Pending conviction, she is feeling for the wherewithal to redeem her debt, and here the artist has made a happy hit of face, form and pose. Young Boots to the right goes on steadily with his work (like most boys!), apparently uninterested in the arguments of the disputants. The cobbler, if we put any credence in the following lines, is, like the poet who entertains monotony with a little of the burlesque:

Blow, oh! blow, ye heavenly breezes,  
All among the leaves and trees;  
Sing, oh! sing, ye heavenly muses,  
While I mends my boots and shoes!

C. Van Haanan is, we believe, a Dutchman of no mean celebrity.

**THE LANSLOWNE CHALLENGE CUP.**—This is the first of a series of cups and trophies which will be distributed by the Dominion Rifle Association, in their matches and games, such as is now going on at Ottawa. We shall publish the series of cups in their regular order, having also in preparation the portraits of the officers of this national body, and other views connected with the same. The cup shown to-day was presented to the association by Lord Lansdowne.

**POND AND FOUNTAIN.**—This is another view of the Public Gardens of Halifax. These gardens were described in a previous number in connection with a couple of sketches of the beautiful grounds.

**DROWNED OUT.**—A pendant sketch to the one called "The Anxious Moment," published a fortnight ago. Then the young bird was warm in its nest, fearless of harm, and the old birds were luring it from its covert. The temptation was strong and the youngster flew forth to see the world. But alas! the world was too much for him. The rain came down, the winds blew, the thunder roared, the lightning flashed, and the poor chicks were swept into the flood, where they came to grief at last.

## POINTS.

By ACUS.

A correspondent asks what is the best metre to employ in writing a love-sonnet. I would advise a sort of meet-her by moonlight alone.

They have been having a milk-combine in Ottawa. It will probably be of short duration, however, as recent rains have very much increased the supply of water.

It is often said, as a reflection upon the present order of things, that the rich go scot-free where the poor are punished. Of a similar nature is the truth that the rich get for nothing what the poor have to pay for. By merely expressing the wish, the rich and distinguished, to whom money is no object, can travel on passes from Dan to Beer-sheba; while the poor have to pay, or to trudge it. Such is life.

Nothing can more forcibly attest the charms of the pretty type-writer than the havoc she plays with the heart of the usually prosaic man of business. With the musty smell of old documents she mingles the perfume of jockey club; and the noisy tramp of heavy soles is relieved by the light patter of French heels. Through her fair influence business is therefore etherialised and transcendentalised. They say the professions are overcrowded. No wonder.

When the term *musician* is applied to one who is an instrumentalist merely, is it not misapplied? It seems to me that the instrumentalist is to music just what the elocutionist is to literature: both are interpreters. Careful and persistent application has made many an instrumentalist, and many an elocutionist, but all the application in the world could not make them the authors of such works as they interpret. The true musician (like the poet) is born, not made. Technique, however, is a matter of industry. Numbering several excellent instrumentalists among my friends, I should be the last to underestimate their very valuable services. There are also, among my friends, one or two whom I would call musicians. And I like to observe this distinction.

In many instances the geographical nomenclature of this country is not without its spice of romance. Of course the well known derivation of the word Lachine is one of the pearls of Canadian history. Still further examples are to be found outside of the ordinary lines of travel and communication. At a certain part of the Shuyan River, in the County of Pontiac, the swift current is split about the centre by a huge rock. The story goes that from the brow of an overhanging cliff one Père le Blanc made a suicidal leap into the river, and the rock from which he jumped broke and followed him. Accordingly the place is called *Père le Blanc Chute*. Another fanciful instance is to be found in connection with a pretty lake. Owing to its peculiar elevation,

"When the sunset's golden glow reflecting," it appears like a veritable lake of gold. And hence indeed it is called *Golden Lake*.

Fine writing has been defined to be spontaneous thought and laboured expression. Laboured expression it is, often enough. Some writers and speakers can start out with a simple, spontaneous idea, and inside of a few minutes involve it in more complications than one would imagine possible. Swift used to object to anything like condensation, saying that it was a pernicious habit acquired at the university with a view to economy of time and paper. Well, economy of paper is not so great an object, but economy of time is something. A working and weary public has not time, these days, to wade through long and abstract theses. The public palate takes to short, crisp paragraphs. The writer of to-day is nothing if not terse. The one whose prose is a short cut to his meaning is the one to be read. We prefer, as someone has said, to take our mental pabulum with a spoon, instead of with a shovel.

There is a field of romance with abundant sheaves and but few gleaners to be found in the wild and picturesque experiences of shanty-life.

A death-scene in the shanties has its own peculiar impressiveness. Anything more desolately lonely than its occasional circumstances, it would be difficult to imagine. Take the case of a poor fellow of whom no one knew anything as to his name, his home, or his friends. In the absence even of a priest, he could only mutter to himself "Hail Mary." The Valley of the Shadow must cross alone; but we like those we love to see us to the border. Except an infrequent call from a young book-keeper, the man died without attention. Then they hewed out a log, just as they sometimes hew one out to make a rude boat, and improvised a rough coffin of it; into which, with the body, they placed the violin and all the little possessions of the man. The only burial-service was performed by the young book-keeper, who read a chapter from the Bible, while the shanty men stood solemnly round with uncovered heads. Out of hemlock boughs they fashioned a rude cross. And there, amid the silence of the forest, he sleeps. If this paragraph is his only obituary I am not sorry that it is written.

## A CONALCON POEM.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE CHARLES JAMES KICKHAM

[A Conalcon poem is one in the style of Amergin, son of Mael, a d. brother of Heber, Heremon and Ir. He alone of the Irish poets of old wrote in this kind of verse. The last word of each line was the same as the first word of the following line. I merely adapted this style in English as an experiment. "Conalcon" is a Celtic word meaning "The Reverberation of a String." The reader is referred to Barron's work on the Celtic Language.—J. K. F.]

Kickham, thy halo'd grave is made,  
Made on Ireland's holy soil;  
Soil on which the fruits did fade—  
Fade despite the constant toil,  
Toil and prayer,  
Prayer and row,  
Vow'd and pray'd for the Island fair!

Fond of the land that saw thee born,  
Born in the land that saw thee die;  
Die, and to see but the flush of morn,  
Morn of freedom on her sky,—  
Sky and streams,  
Streams and towers,  
Towers illum'd in the golden beams.

Thy harp is broke, thy spirit fled,  
Fled to thy home with God above;  
Above thy tomb our tears are shed,  
Shed for the bard we learn'd to love—  
Love and praise,  
Praise with pride—  
Pride in thy noble Irish lays!

Sleep in peace, 'till the trumpets sound,  
Sound a call to the buried dead!  
Dead tho' thou art, from thy sacred mound,  
Mound of death, thou shalt raise thy head;  
Head and heart,  
Heart and harp—  
Harp whose spirit now is fled.

Or sleep 'till thy country's chains are broke,  
Broke by men of hands like thine;  
Thine object won—a gleam of hope—  
Hope for Erin's fate may shine—  
Shine on thy tomb—  
Tomb and home—  
Home no longer deep in gloom.

Leave thy harp "on a willow bough,"  
Bough that droops to the silver wave,  
Wave that sighs and speaks the vow—  
Vow that was spoken o'er thy grave—  
Grave and sod,  
Sod and rest!  
Rest thee till then above with God!

Aylmer, P.Q.

JOSEPH K. FORAN

## THE TIME WILL COME.

RONDEAU.

The time will come, when thou and I  
Shall meet once more before we die;  
The links of passion's broken chain  
Shall be united once again,  
In coming days for which we sigh.

And thus the sorrows I defy  
That cloud the sunshine of our sky,  
For Hope still sings her sweet refrain,  
The time will come.

O that the hours which loiter by  
Would match my swift desire, and fly:  
But fond impatience I restrain,  
Sure that Love's trust is not in vain,  
And that, in answer to my cry,  
The time will come.

GEO. MURRAY



## C. L. S. C.

It may safely be said that of all who glance at these apparently cabalistic symbols, to not one-tenth do they convey any meaning. And yet, here we have one of the most far-reaching movements in the modern world, and one which is doing much to lift to a higher plane, to give a purpose in life, to bind together in one far-reaching circle "all sorts and conditions of men."

To Bishop Vincent is due the honour of inaugurating the movement—the work of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, a home college encircling the earth with a band of now, perhaps, a hundred thousand enthusiastic students. Think of it, Canadians, and blush! There are already in Japan two thousand who are reading the course—as many as in all Canada. At Chautauqua Lake, not far from Buffalo, met about a dozen years ago a band of Sunday School workers. Next occurred the idea of a four years' course of reading. A summer assembly, with educational classes, was inaugurated, with a varied programme. Thousands flocked to the spot; classes were formed in Hebrew, Greek, German, elocution, calisthenics, clay modelling; for those who did not wish to work entertainments, lectures, sermons, concerts, were provided. Forty-six assemblies, bearing a more or less close resemblance to the original Chautauqua, have been opened.

It is to our Canadian Chautauqua we wish to introduce our readers. The projectors could not have found, in all the land, a more beautiful spot. On historic ground, near where La Salle was wrecked, two hundred years ago, when setting out to explore the Mississippi; on the very ground, drenched with the blood of Canadian and British soldiers in 1813, in view of Forts Niagara and Mississauga, where the broad Niagara falls into our beautiful Lake Ontario, the old Crook's farm has been turned into the Niagara assembly grounds. A spacious amphitheatre, the acoustic properties of which are unsurpassed, and rivalling that at Chautauqua, New York, in size, has been built; also, one wing of a magnificent hotel, this year crowded with guests, twenty or more beautiful cottages have risen, as by magic; white tents dot the sward; noble oaks and fruit trees give a grateful shade. The facilities for boating and bathing are unequalled, that beautiful accomplishment swimming being taught. Visitors from different parts of the world are struck with the many beauties of the spot. The sunsets are magnificent. The beauties of sunrise are not so well known; one gentleman remarks that from one spot both sights might be seen. Not soon can be forgotten the sight of the sun slowly sinking in the lake, while a flood of glory fills all the air and gorgeous tints follow quickly each other.

Strange to say, there has been much opposition to the scheme, principally from that potent and not easily removed factor, ignorance. The general idea of a camp meeting prevailed; but while the religious element underlies all, denomination-alism is not breathed, and certainly the chief feature is educational. Again, among some educated people, it is customary to sneer at the movement, and it has been called superficial. Let those people, who have themselves a classical education, pause before they put one straw in the way of this educational wave. The Chautauqua diploma does not ape the college degree. This is a misconception, for while there is a Chautauqua University, the diploma of the C. L. S. C. is simply a statement that a certain person has read certain books. While the course may be superficial as compared with the college curriculum, were it more exacting, it would not reach the many. It is more what it opens up, what it leads to, than what it is. And that the course is one of real merit is shown by those who take it up. Many professional men, who have already a degree, have not disdained it, glad to review what they either have forgotten or only half understood in those early days. One advantage of the course is that the work can be done alone, in the prairie home, in the distant mission field, the lonely lighthouse, or in the city, where groups meet in circles to dis-

cuss the readings, aided, perhaps, by college professors or specialists; or, still again, in the many homes, where the tired mother finds something to lift her out of every-day cares and worries, to hold her to companionship with her boys and girls, perhaps learning to despise her ignorance of their school studies, while she reads trippingly in English what they read, with pain and difficulty, in Latin, Greek, French or German; helping them to see new beauties, and thus gaining a fresh lease of power over them.

The use of these summer assemblies is now seen to be to give not entire idleness, but a change of work. Many go to study and find the ministry of sun and fresh air, clear sky, and the exercise of boating, bathing, swimming, a wonderful factor in restoring and building up the mental and physical powers. The children are delighted with the kindergarten, club swinging, calisthenics. Briefly, let us recount the work of this assembly. There were classes taught in sketching from nature, elocution, music, Sunday School work, besides the classes for the children mentioned above, and an enthusiastic rambling class in botany. Something corresponding to the teacher's retreat was begun, as interesting lessons in literature and algebra were given. We had a young Japanese minister, who showed us that Eastern civilization need not blush in the presence of our Western patronage of the "heathen." The acute Japanese intellect is ready to receive Spencer and Huxley, if we do not give it Christianity. A missionary from China showed how keen must be the intellect to argue with the Chinese men of learning; lecturers of great ability took us with them to all parts of the world; music lent its varied charm; Prof. Clark delighted us with his readings and recitations, the chariot scene in "Ben Hur" being a supreme effort; Dr. Duryea gave us his intense vivid, positive opinions; Dr. Ostrander, in his Oriental and spectacular entertainments, threw a flood of light on many passages of the Bible; Mr. Benjamin Clark, from England, gave much light on Sunday School work, boy life and English colloquialisms; Bengough gave some of his inimitable caricatures in recitations and chalk; Dr. Vincent—but what can we say of Dr. Vincent, unequalled in the control of an audience, possessing wit, humour, magnetic force, pathos, power, and last, but not least, common sense. Would that thousands more had heard his exposition of the Chautauqua idea. Twenty-seven received from him their diplomas, having finished their four years' course, some of them being from the other side of the boundary, thus showing the international character of the assembly. Last year over four thousand, from all parts of the world, received diplomas, eight hundred of these being present at the mother Chautauqua, New York. To the young these assemblies are safe places of meeting and present many advantages. No liquor is allowed on the grounds, no boating on Sunday, no ballroom dissipation, but, instead, pure intellectual enjoyment and opportunities for the best physical culture, with a mingling of sentimental and common sense. Badges are worn, flower girls strew the way, a camp fire, with a liturgical service, memorial days of the great poets, are observed, round tables are held to discuss plans of work. It is hoped that every Canadian town and hamlet may soon have its Chautauqua readers, so that instead of two thousand there may be twenty thousand.

The promoters of this Niagara Assembly have so far spent \$50,000, and must spend much more before any returns can come in. Lots are being sold and cottages built. It is pleasing to know that here were readers from at least four of the provinces of our Dominion, as well as from the State of New York. At a very enjoyable Vesper service we had words of greeting from Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Prince Edward Island.

But a word now as to the readers, the reading, the expense, the general *modus operandi*. Send to Miss Kate F. Kimball, Plainfield, New Jersey, or to Mr. Lewis C. Peake, 18 Victoria street, Toronto, 50 cents fee, for which sum all circulars, memoranda, etc., are sent. The *Chautauquan Magazine*, having a circulation of 60,000, is ack-

nnowledged by good judges to be the best magazine of its kind published, in light reading and not a dry article in it. Much of the course of reading is here contained; price, \$.50. The four years' course embraces a little history, chemistry, literature, theology, astronomy, geology, botany, poetry, the books costing about \$5 each year, all of them books which form a welcome addition to one's library. Memo. to be filled up, not as a competitive examination, but merely to show that the reading has been done. The readers are old and young, professional and non-professional, clergymen, farmers, railway employees, teachers, servant girls, artisans, wives, mothers, husbands, sons, daughters; sometimes three generations in one family; an old lady of eighty, and a boy of fifteen. Forty minutes a day, for nine months in the year, is the time required. The central office keeps itself informed of each individual member, and thus we feel ourselves part of an active, working, literary organization.

Some of the objections are: We have no time; we can not afford the money. Of the few it may be truly and sadly said: But can not many, by denying themselves some little pet luxury, the price of an ornament, a dance, a day of pleasure, obtain instead a store of boundless enjoyment. With regard to the time required, truly the idle have no time, but the busy can always find time for other tasks; take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves. There must be time to bring in a new current of thought—something nobler, higher than the everyday cares and worries, time for a rest, an oasis in the monotonous treadmill of life is to some. A suggestion here is in point: Is not a great deal of time frittered away on the newspapers, on the novel, too; and by a course of solid reading the taste for fiction—at least trashy fiction—dies. We all do far more desultory reading in the course of the year than this course. Why not then read with an object—with others gain inspiration. It would be interesting to see in what parts of our Dominion the Chautauqua idea has taken root most firmly; whether in the cities, towns, villages, or lonely farmhouses, through our land, and where these readers are. And this course is only a beginning, for special courses of reading are provided for those whose taste or fancy incline them to the lofty truths taught by astronomy, to the minute analysis of plant life, to the fascinating study of philology, or the interesting lessons on history's page. Besides the diploma, there are other higher grades: The Order of the White Seal, the League of the Round Table, the Guild of the Seven Seals. One old Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity has his diploma filled with seals, forty-three in number. We close with a C. L. S. C. sonnet:—

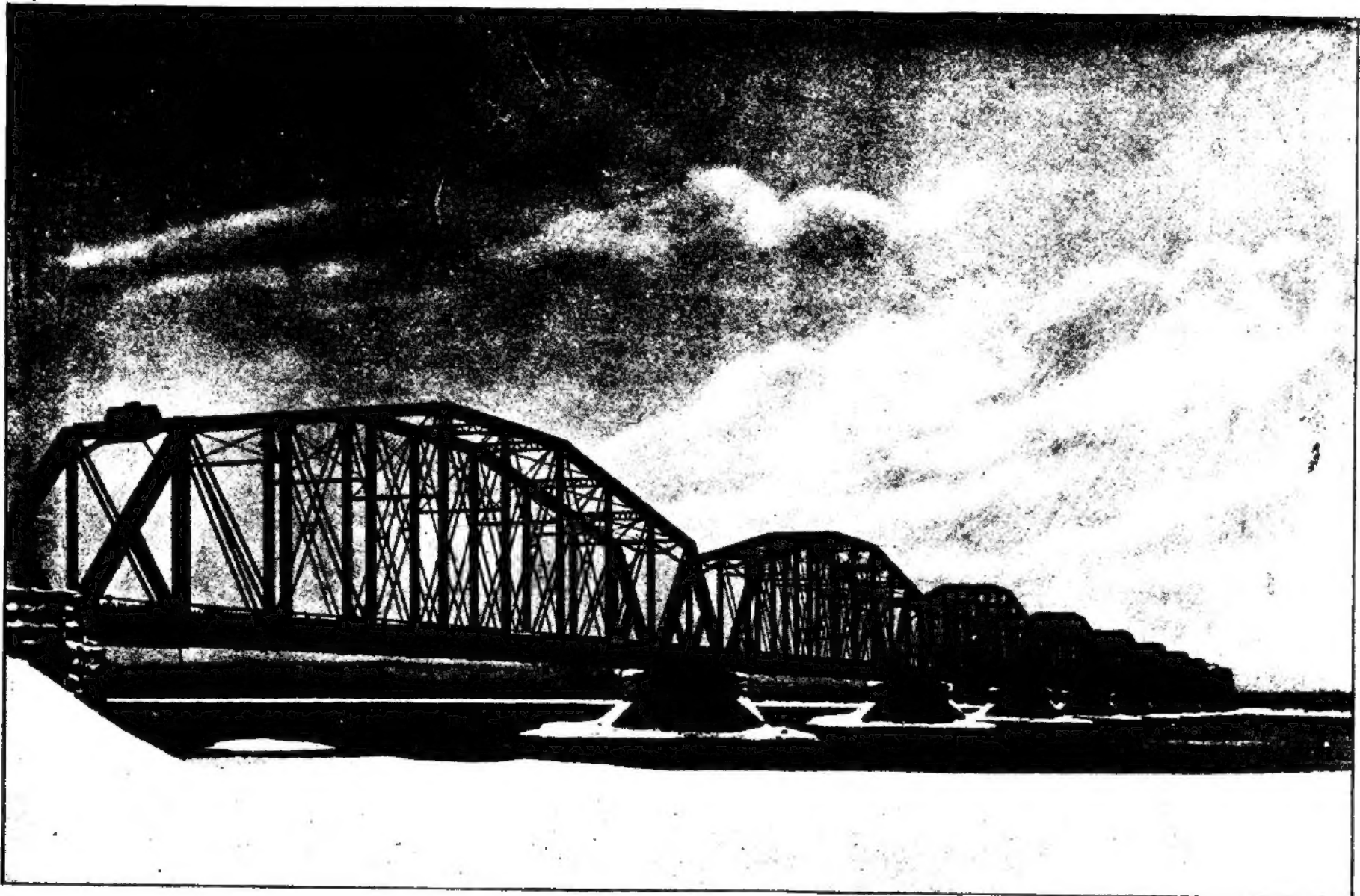
Encircling our fair globe, behold a band  
Of tens of thousands, turning eager eyes  
To that fair lake, and to that leader wise,  
Who formed the generous plan, far reaching, grand,  
Circle to circle, stretches each a hand,  
With faith and hope, the student lone replies.  
And down the ages still the echo flies;  
No work is lost. There sweeps o'er sea and land  
The influence of those mystic letters four,  
From west to east, Ontario to Cathay,  
What empty hearts are filled. Let us recall  
Chautauqua's gifts. Science and Art's rich store,  
History's bright page, and Poesy's mild ray,  
Religion purifies and sweetens all.

Niagara, August, 1888.

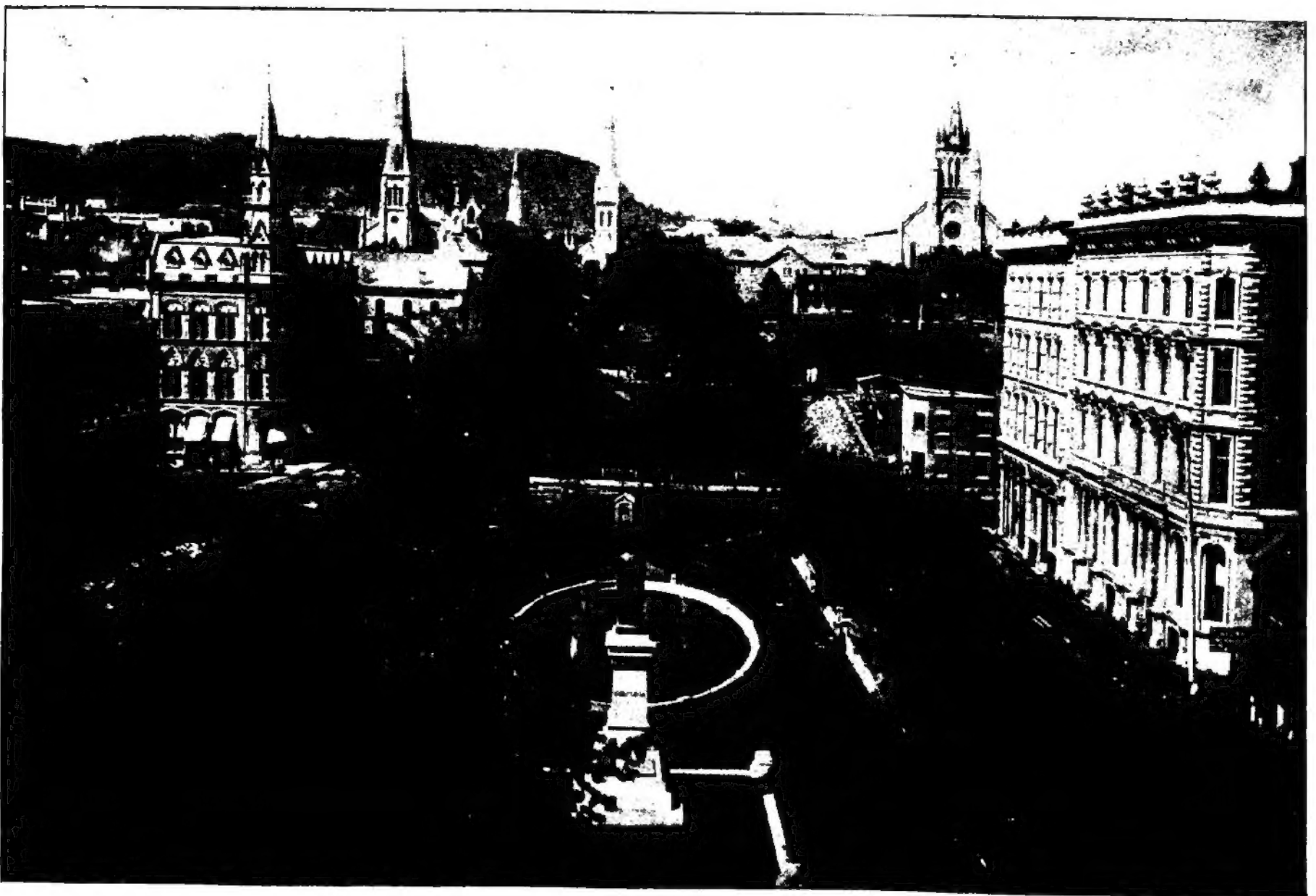
J. C.

THE HORSE MINDS HIS STEPS.—Every one has noticed, while driving, how rarely a horse steps on a stone even when going rapidly. A writer in *Golden Days* quotes an old cavalryman as saying that a horse never steps on a man intentionally. It is a standing order with cavalry that should a man become dismounted he must lie down and be perfectly still. If he does so the entire company will pass over him, and he will not be injured. A horse notices where he's going, and is on the lookout for a firm foundation to put his foot on. It is an instinct with him, therefore, to step over a prostrate man. The injuries caused by a runaway horse are nearly always inflicted by the animal knocking down, and not by his stepping.





THE SAULT STE. MARIE RAILWAY BRIDGE.  
From a photograph taken in Winter by Henderson.



VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL.  
From a photograph by Henderson.



THE COBBLER'S SHOP.

From the painting by C. Van Haanen.

Photograph supplied by Alex. S. Macrae & Son, Toronto, Directors for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.



## The Stroke of the Lachine Four.

"Who is he, Hal?"

"The stroke of the Lachine four."

"I am no wiser than I was. What do you mean?"

"Is it possible, Sis, that you have come to the mature age of eighteen years and don't know what the Lachine four is? Why, it's a crew!"

"A crew—then, he's a sailor!"

Hal Birkett's boyish laugh rang out clearly.

"Oh, Sis, where were you brought up? He's the stroke of the Lachine four, I tell you—pulls the stroke oar, you know."

Enid opened her blue eyes wider, and said nothing. She didn't know; in fact, she had an idea that the Lachine four constituted a sort of ferry between Lachine and other points on the River St. Lawrence, above Montreal, for the convenience of summer visitors, and that the stroke was a sort of captain on a small scale.

"What is his name?" she asked, presently.

"Charlie Dwight," replied Hal.

"A pretty name for a ferryman," observed Enid, coolly.

Harry stared at her in blank amazement.

"Yes," he rejoined, slowly, "a very pretty name for a ferryman."

Ten minutes later he left the house for a run on his bicycle, and Enid was alone. She picked up a straw cone hat with a bit of white mull twisted around it, and walked slowly out of the cottage and down to the water's edge, where a light, handsome skiff lay, pulled up high and dry, awaiting the return of its owner. She looked at the skiff musingly. It was a beauty, in its way, but Enid was not thinking of its beauty; she was thinking that the first time she wanted to go to Montreal she might hire the owner of the pretty skiff to row her to Lachine, which was but a short spin down the river, and take the train thence. As she turned this plan over in her mind, a firm footfall sounded on the stony path behind her, and before she had time to beat a retreat a tall, muscular young man in semi-nautical rig was at her side.

"Pardon me," he said, observing Enid's slightly embarrassed expression. "Are you in need of a boat? If so, mine is at your service."

"He speaks as well as he looks," thought Enid; then replied: "No, thank you, not to-day; but, to-morrow or the next day, if it is fine, I want to go to Montreal, and shall need somebody to row me to Lachine. You row people up and down the river, don't you?" she added, observing that he did not answer at once.

Charlie Dwight had listened in absolute amazement to this cool request; but when she put her final question a light broke in upon him. He pulled his moustache to hide the smile that he could not restrain, and replied:

"Oh, yes, nearly every day; but I am sorry to say that I shall be away from here for a few days. If I can be of any service to you next week—"

"Very well," Enid interjected, promptly. "Monday morning, at ten o'clock. Can you come then?"

"Certainly."

"Ah, thank you. Good afternoon." And the young lady gracefully turned to retrace her steps, while Charlie Dwight pushed his skiff out, jumped in, and with a few vigorous strokes was well out and down the river. Then he rested on his oars, and laughed, and looked back at the girlish figure in white sauntering over the grass towards the little cottage, and laughed again; then dipped his oars once more into the water, glowing with red and gold in the sunset, and pulled rapidly down towards Lachine.

That evening Enid complacently related her afternoon's adventure to Hal, who grew more wide-eyed at each sentence and, finally, fairly gasped:

"Enid, what were you thinking of! Dwight is a gentleman."

"I don't care what he is," energetically. "You say he rows people around the river; you said, this afternoon, that he was a ferryman."

"I—said—he—was—a—ferryman! Oh—h!" groaned Hal. "I said he was the stroke of the Lachine four."

"Once for all, Hal, what *is* the Lachine four, and what *is* the stroke?"

"Oh, depths of feminine ignorance! Then, once and for all, Enid, the Lachine four is a crew of four fellows who are spending the summer at Lachine, and who row for pleasure, not money—amateur, you know. Why, they are among the richest, finest fellows in the whole place! Dwight strokes the crew—well, he's a sort of leader, you know. Why, bless your innocent heart, Sis, every child in Montreal, and every infant in Lachine knows all that! How did you ever escape hearing such things?"

"I lived in S—, miles from any possibility of rowing, from my tenth year until this week, as you know, and I never read newspapers. I suppose that accounts for it," said Enid, dolefully. "Now, what am I to do, Hal? He will come on Monday."

There was so much distress in her tones that Hal took pity on her. "Never mind, Sis," he said consolingly, "I'll go to meet him, if he comes, and pass it all off for you. I'll tell him I fooled you a little bit."

For the next few days Enid could not rid herself of the thought of her unfortunate adventure, and although she was keenly alive to the ludicrous side of it, that did not save her from feeling the annoying awkwardness of her own position with regard to that mysterious individual—the stroke of the Lachine four.

Monday morning dawned uncompromisingly fair and beautiful. A light west wind blew laughing ripples on the blue, broad river, and the sun rose high in clear skies. When his first rays pierced the cottage shutters and played around Enid's fair head, the blue eyes opened slowly, and then—prosaic fact—their owner's mouth opened too in a prolonged and satisfactory yawn, and finally gave utterance to the following, "Monday! To-day he comes."

The thought of that appalling "he" was sufficient to drive away the last trace of drowsiness, and it was not long before Enid was out of doors in the sweet summer morning. After breakfast, with a final appeal to Hal to remember his promise, and be on hand to welcome the Lachine skiff, she left the house and strolled down to the water's edge to take a survey of the river.

There was a comfortable looking row-boat lying there, the bow run up on the shore, the stern idly rocking in the ripples. A chain from the bow was attached to a stick driven into the ground.

Enid inspected the boat critically. It wasn't Mr. Dwight's skiff, that was certain. His was a light stained wood—this was painted red and was, moreover, much larger. "Mr. Stafford passed the house this morning; it is probably his," soliloquized Enid as she stepped into the boat and made her way timorously down to the stern, while Gypsy, Hal's Gordon setter, frisked around in delight. She looked down the river—there was no one in sight. Indeed, it was much too early to expect the skiff. Then she seated herself in the bottom of the boat, resting her elbow on the stern seat, and found it in no way uncomfortable. The air was intoxicatingly fresh and full of a pure fragrance; the faint splash of the water on the side of the boat soothingly monotonous.

Enid drops her head on her arm and gives herself up to passive enjoyment. The sun rising higher makes the air warmer; the water splashes idly on the boat with its soothing monotony; away in the distance the 'caw' 'caw' of the crows resounds through the clear air. Gypsy pricks up his ears for an instant to listen to them. Farther and farther away sounds the faint splash of water to Enid's ears; distant and still more distant the echoing 'caw' 'caw.' Gypsy is worrying at the stake to which the boat is tied—he jumps at it playfully and then runs away, then comes back and attacks it once more. Now he has it out. Taking it in his mouth, he runs down to the side of the boat, dog-like, to exhibit his prowess. But his fair mistress doesn't even notice him, although he stands in the water with his fore-feet on the side

of the boat. Finding that there is no one to applaud his exertions he drops the stake in the shallow water and jumps away from the boat, giving it a little shove as he does so, which loosens its hold slightly—and still Enid sleeps. The breeze stiffens gradually and the water splashes more loudly on the boat. Slowly but surely the little waves are loosening it; every one finds it more nearly free. Now, one, the strongest yet, comes and lifts the stern, there is a little slip of the bow from the shore, and the red boat glides almost imperceptibly out. Why does not Enid awaken! It is only a few feet out now; she could easily wade ashore and pull it in after her. But no—her fair head rests peacefully on her arm, the wind plays with her hair, and still she sleeps, and the red boat drifts on outward, downward. Now the current catches it, and with a little swifter motion it glides down the river, farther and farther out.

A crow flies overhead, flapping dusky wings in the sunlight, and its *caw, caw* resounds harshly. Enid opens her eyes—instantly the truth dawns upon her, and she sits bolt upright. With whitening face she sees the shore, and the dreadful space of dancing water between. Then she looks at the oars, hopelessly, helplessly, a total stranger to their use; for aught that her trembling fingers can do, they might as well not be there. A gasp of horror escapes from her pale lips as the awful thought of the rapids strikes coldly upon her mind. Long before they are reached she knows that the irresistible strength of the current will preclude all possibility of anyone coming to her aid. Oh, it is awful to be so utterly helpless! To look at the sunny, rippling water, the quiet shore, and the blue sky flecked with white clouds, and no one, none to aid! "Oh, God help me!" the words came hoarsely from her parched lips. Is there none to help? Listen—what is that!

Echoing over the water comes the ringing sound of a strong man's voice. It thrills every nerve in her body. She looks—there on the shore is a tall, lithe figure—even at this distance she knows it is Charlie Dwight, the stroke of the Lachine four, looking out over the water at his red boat drifting down the river, and carrying with it a girlish figure in a white gown and fair, wind-tossed hair.

It takes him but an instant to decide. He must run down, and then swim out and head the boat off. Enid makes imploring gestures in response to his cry, and then sees him tearing down the shore over all manner of obstructions, as only a trained athlete could. Now he pauses on a little headland, and the next instant is in the water. Enid kneels in the bottom of the boat with one hand on the stern seat and the other grasping the side, with face set, and every nerve tense, watching her rescuer drawing nearer, nearer, but oh, so slowly. If she could but for one minute delay that resistless tide! How fast, how terribly fast it is bearing the boat down! Unless he can head it off all is hopeless, and he as well as herself may be drawn down to the rapids. The wind has risen, and the waves splash noisily on the boat. Now, he draws nearer, nearer. Oh, will nothing hold the boat back until he reaches it!

Enid looks with the fixed gaze of a last hope at the approaching swimmer. Now she can see him distinctly, his dark, earnest eyes fixed on the boat as he strains every nerve to reach it. The boat is gaining. He is only two yards off, but it is passing him. With the energy of despair, Enid leans as far forward as she dare, he grasps her hand and the next instant is beside the boat. "You're all right now," he says in a reassuringly calm tone. "stay where you are," and he makes his way to the bow and climbs dexterously over it into the boat. In less time than it takes to tell it, he is in his place, and has a firm grasp of the oars. Now he bends to his work and gives a strong, steady pull, another and another. The boat quivers, stands still, and now—oh, Heaven-sent relief—begins to move against the stream. Enid crouches there, pale and speechless, her great blue eyes fixed on the oarsman. What a glorious thing his physical strength seems to her as his strong arms propel the boat up the river! Now he has drawn nearer to the shore, they are out of the force of the current, and there will be no more hard pull

ing. Dwight has become conscious that Enid is looking at him—she doesn't realize it herself—and he asks her if she has recovered from her fright. With an effort Enid arouses herself to reply and explain how she came into such peril. "But I cannot imagine," she adds, "how the boat got loose. There was no one in sight but my brother's setter—there he is now, running along the shore. Besides, who could be either foolish or malicious enough to do such a thing?"

Charlie Dwight picks up the stake which has been dragging in the water at the end of the chain, and examines it. "Look!" he exclaims triumphantly, "It is all gnawed around the top. The dog has pulled it up, and the water has thus loosened the boat. But why didn't you use the oars?" he asks wonderingly.

"I don't know how to row," is the doleful reply.

"Then you must learn," he says decisively.

"You told me last week," he continues, with a tinge of humorousness, "that you wished me to row you about the river, and this morning you know —."

"Oh," interrupts Enid, the paleness of her cheeks giving way to a faint flush, "it was a mistake—what must you have thought—my brother told me—how can I explain?" she falters.

"Don't explain, it isn't necessary," he replies, "but please let me say that I shall be delighted to row you about the river, and at the same time teach you the use of the oars if you will allow me. Your brother will vouch for me, I have no doubt. I have met him frequently," he adds, a smile lighting up his dark, serious face. "Will that arrangement suit you?"

"Oh yes, certainly," Enid says, striving to regain her self possession, "but how can I ever repay you for what you have done for me?"

"By learning to pull a good stroke," laughs Dwight, as the bow of the red boat grates on the shore.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen held its annual regatta, Enid Birkett wore the Lachine colours and watched the "senior fours" with breathless interest which gave place to unspeakable delight when Charlie Dwight's crew gained a splendid victory.

"That young lady in blue appears to take a great interest in the races," observed some one.

"Naturally," replied some one else. "She is engaged to the stroke of the Lachine four!"

HELEN FAIRBANKS.

### A SAMPLE OF MONTAGNAIS.

On the occasion of his recent visit to Lake St. John, His Excellency the Governor-General was presented by Mr. Commins, agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, on behalf of the company, with a couple of magnificent bearskins and a splendid birch bark canoe. The Montagnais Indians of Pointe Bleue presented the Governor with the following address in their own language:—

*Tehe etshimau kaisual'shet,*  
Usham ni mirueritenan tshi petamats emijikain  
mametshitiskum, tshi ntusamokots ote ntshis-  
katats, kassine etamiskatats, ki mak e naskumitats.

One eshijueciats nileinats ofsiparo tie tshe tshi  
tshis-erimiats ushknats mishinik no.

Tshil ka miskupapistut tshe olshimaskneu ni-  
mierueritenan e napamitats, alo tshisserimitsits  
Tshipesnau ote tshitiskuem, miam Tshe Otehis-  
maskueu itaelkakust.

Ustunil eakun kie uir tshe ispish shatshiakant  
eokum ispish uilamatats,

N tan eliniuiats,  
Kamistuiats, 22 etsnisluaskant epopushum 1888.

Translated into English, the address would read somewhat as follows:

"May it please your Excellency—Great Chief of the generous heart:—The news that you were coming, with your noble spouse, to visit the Montagnais filled us with joy. This is why we are all here to meet and salute you. Thanks. This word is in our hearts, and is written on the bark to prove our sincerity. Representative of the Queen, you are welcome amongst us."

### THE LAST BISON.

Eight years have fled since, in the wilderness,  
I drew the rein to rest my comrade there—  
My supple, clean-limbed pony of the plains.  
He was a runner of pure Indian blood,  
Yet in his eye still gleamed the desert's fire,  
And form and action both bespoke the Barb.  
A wondrous creature is the Indian's horse:  
Degenerate now, but from the "Centaur" drawn—  
The furious Fifty which dissolved with fear  
Montezuma's plumed Children of the Sun,  
And shared rough Cortez in his realm of gold!

A gentle vale, with rippling aspens clad,  
Yet open to the breeze, invited rest.  
So there I lay, and watched the sun's fierce beams  
Reverberate in wreathed ethereal flame;  
Or gazed upon the leaves which buzzed o'erhead,  
Like tiny wings in simulated flight.  
Within the vale a lakelet, lashed with flowers,  
Lay like a liquid eye among the hills,  
Revealing in its depths the fulgent light  
Of snowy cloud-land and cerulean skies.  
And rising, falling, fading far around,  
The homeless and unfurrowed prairies spread  
In solitude and idleness eternal.

And all was silence save the rustling leaf,  
The gadding insect, or the grebe's lone cry,  
Or where Saskatchewan, with turbid moan,  
Deep-sunken in the plain, his torrent poured;  
Here loneliness possessed her realm supreme—  
Her prairies all about her, undeflowered,  
Pulsing beneath the summer sun, and sweet  
With virgin air and waters undefiled.  
Inviolable still! Bright solitudes with power  
To charm the spirit, bruised, where ways are foul,  
Into forgetfulness of chuckling wrong,  
And all the weary clangour of the world.

Yet Sorrow, too, had here its kindred place,  
As o'er my spirit swept the sense of change.  
Here sympathy could sigh o'er man's decay;  
For here, but yesterday, the warrior dwelt  
Whose faded nation had for ages held,  
In fealty to Nature, these domains.  
Around me were the relics of his race—  
The grassy circle where his village stood,  
Well-ruled by customs' immemorial law.  
Along these slopes his happy offspring roved  
In days gone by, and dusky mothers' plied  
Their summer tasks, or loitered in the shade.  
Here the magician howled his demons up,  
And here the lodge of council had its seat,  
Once resonant, with oratory wild.  
All vanished! perished in the swelling sea  
And stayless tide of encroaching power,  
Whose civil fiat, man-devouring still,  
Will leave, at last, no wilding on the earth  
To wonder at or love!

With them had fled  
The bison-breed which overflowed the plains,  
And, undiminished, fed uncounted tribes.  
Its vestiges were here—its wallows, paths,  
And skulls and shining ribs and vertebrae;  
Grey bones of monarchs from the herds, perchance,  
Descended, by De Vaca first beheld,  
Or Coronado, in mad quest of gold.  
Here hosts had had their home; here nad they roamed,  
Endless and infinite—vast herds which seemed  
Exhaustless as the sea. All vanished now!  
Of that wild tumult not a hoof remained  
To scour the countless paths where myriads trod.

Long had I lain, 'twixt dreams and waking, thus:  
Musing on change and mutability,  
And endless evanescence, when a burst  
Of sudden roaring filled the vale with sound.  
Perplexed and startled, to my feet I sprang,  
And in amazement from my covert gazed,  
For, presently, into the valley came  
A mighty bison which, with stately tread  
And gleaming eyes, descended to the shore!  
Spell-bound I stood. Was this a living form,  
Or but an image, by the fancy drawn?  
But no—he breathed! and from a wound blood flowed  
And trickled with the frothing from his lips.  
Uneasily he gazed, yet saw me not,  
Haply concealed; then, with a roar so loud,  
That all the echoes rent their valley-horns,  
He stood and listened; but no voice replied!  
Deeply he drank, then lashed his quivering flanks,  
And roared again, and hearkened, but no sound,  
No tongue congenial answered to his call—  
He was the last survivor of his clan!

Huge was his frame! emaculate, so grown  
To that enormous bulk whose presence filled  
The very vale with awe. His shining horns  
Gleamed black amidst his fell of floating hair—  
His neck and shoulders, of the lion's build,  
Were framed to toss the world! Now stood he there,  
And stared, with head uplifted, at the skies,  
Slow-yielding to his deep and mortal wound.  
He seemed to pour his mighty spirit out  
As thus he gazed, till my own spirit burned,  
And teeming fancy, charmed and overwrought  
By all the wildering glamour of the scene,

Gave to that glorious altitude a voice,  
And, rapt, endowed the noble beast with song.

### THE SONG.

Hear me, ye smokeless skies and grass-green earth,  
Since by your sufferance still I breathe and live!  
Through you fond Nature gave me birth  
And food and freedom—all she had to give.  
Enough! I grew, and with my kindred ranged  
Their realm stupendous, changeless, and unchanged,  
Save by the toll of nations primitive,  
Who thrived on us, and loved our life-stream's roar,  
And lived beside its wave, and camped upon its shore.

They loved us, and they wasted not. They slew,  
With pious hand, but for their daily need;  
Not wantonly, but as the due  
Of stern necessity which Life doth breed.  
Yea, even as earth gave us herbage meet,  
So yielded we, in turn, our substance sweet  
To quit the claims of hunger, not of greed.  
So stood it with us that what either did  
Could not be on the earth foregone, nor Heaven forbid.

And, so, companioned in the blameless strife  
Enjoined upon all creatures, small and great,  
Our ways were venial and our life  
Ended in fair fulfilment of our fate.

No gold to them by sordid hands were passed;  
No greedy herdsman housed us from the blast.  
Ours was the liberty of regions ripe,  
In winter's snow, in summer's fruits and flowers  
Ours were the virgin prairies, and their rapture ours!

So fared it with us both; yea, thus it stood  
In all our wanderings from place to place,  
Until the red man mixed his blood  
With paler currents. Then arose a race—  
The reckless hunters of the plains—who vied  
In wanton slaughter for the tongue and hide,  
To satisfy vain ends and longings base.  
This grew; and yet we flourished, and our name  
Prospered until the pale destroyer's concourse came.

Then fell a double terror on the plains,  
The swift inspreding of destruction dire  
Strange men who ravaged our domains,  
On every hand, and ringed us round with fire;  
Pale enemies who slew with equal mirth  
The harmless or the hurtful things of earth,  
In dead fruition of their mad desire:  
The ministers of mischief and of might,  
Who yearn for havoc as the world's supreme delight.

So waned the myriads which had waxed before  
When subject to the simple needs of men.  
As yields to eating seas the shore,  
So yielded our vast multitude, and then—  
It scattered! Meagre bands, in wild dismay,  
Were parted and, for shelter, fled away  
To barren wastes, to mountain gorge and glen.  
A respite brief from stern pursuit and care,  
For still the spoiler sought, and still he slew us there.

Hear me, thou grass-green earth, ye smokeless skies,  
Since by your sufferance still I breathe and live!  
The charity which man denies  
Ye still would tender to the fugitive!  
I feel your mercy in my veins; at length  
My heart revives, and strengthens with your strength.  
Too late, too late, the courage ye would give!  
Naught can avail these wounds, this failing breath,  
This frame which feels, at last, the wily touch of death.

Here must the last of all his kindred fall;  
Yet, midst these gathering shadows, ere I die—  
Responsive to an inward call,  
My spirit fain would rise and prophesy.  
I see our spoilers build their cities great  
Upon our plains—I see their rich estate:  
The centuries in dim procession fly!  
Long ages roll, and then at length is bared  
The time when they who spared not are no longer spared.

Once more my vision sweeps the prairies wide,  
But now no peopled cities greet the sight;  
All perished, now, their pomp and pride;  
In solitude the wild wind takes delight.  
Naught but the vacant wilderness is seen,  
And grassy mounds where cities once had been.  
The earth smiles as of yore, the skies are bright,  
Wild cattle graze and bellow on the plain,  
And savage nations roam o'er native wilds again!

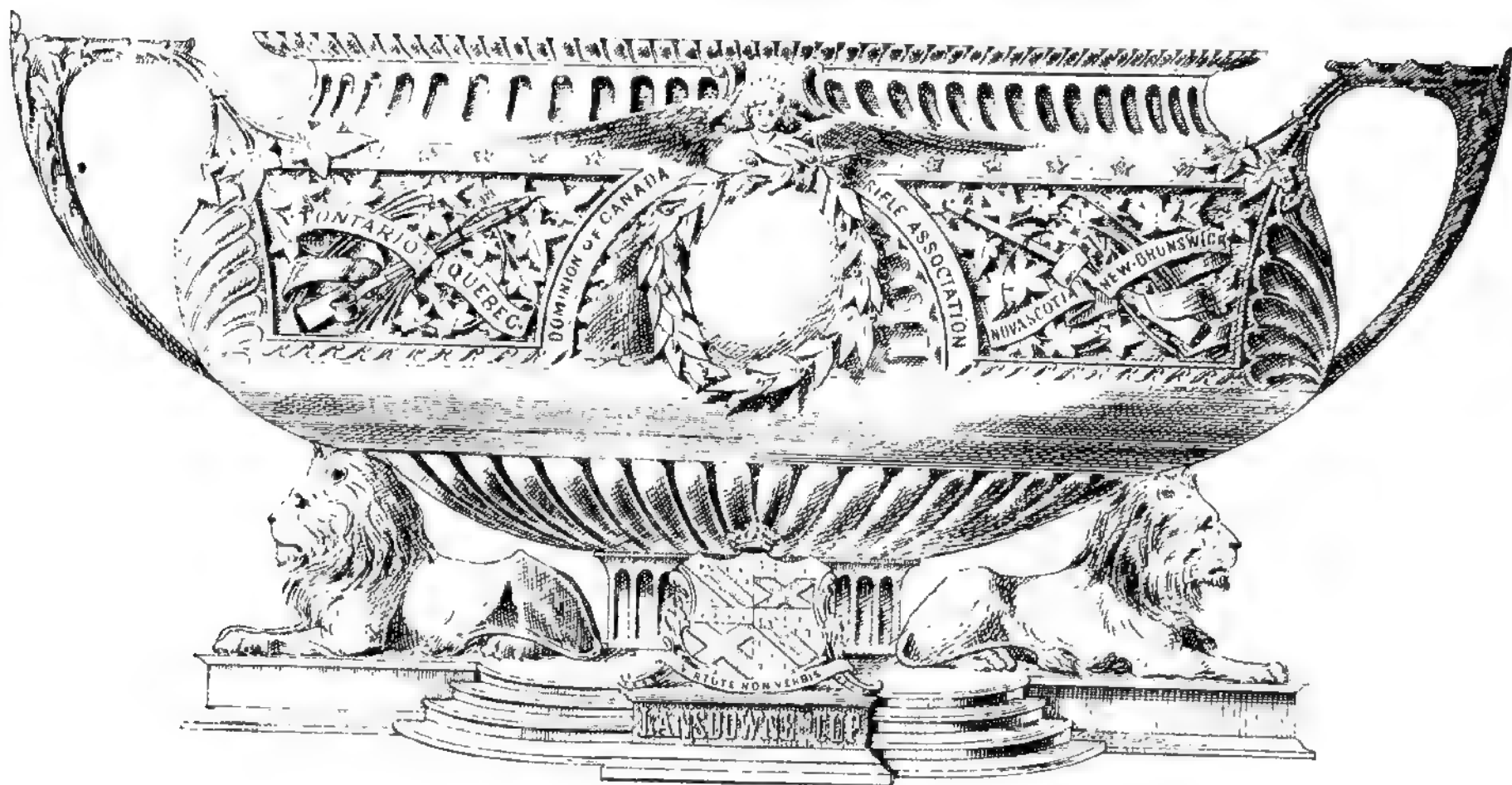
The burden ceased, and now, with head bowed down,  
The bison smelt, then grinned into the air.  
An awful anguish seized his giant frame,  
Cold shudders and in-drawn gaspings deep—  
The spasms of illimitable pain.  
One stride he took, and sank upon his knees,  
Glared stern defiance where I stood revealed,  
Then swayed to earth, and, with convulsive groan,  
Turned heavily upon his side, and died.

Prince Albert, N.W.T.

C. MAIR.

NOTE.—The foregoing poem was suggested to the author by a personal incident, near the elbow of the North Saskatchewan, some eight years ago. Not a buffalo, so far as the author knows, has been seen on that river since. There are some animals in private collections; a small band, perhaps, exists in the fastnesses of Montana, and a few wood buffaloes still roam the Mackenzie River region, but the wild bison of the plains may now be looked upon as extinct.





THE LANSDOWNE CHALLENGE CUP.

Engraved from the design



THE POND AND FOUNTAIN IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS, HALIFAX.

From a photograph by Notman.



DROWNED OUT.





The hay crop in Quebec is nearly all in and is unusually heavy.

Oil is said to be pouring out in great volume at Lake Dauphin, N.W.T.

Geological indications point to the existence of natural gas under Toronto.

There are said to be forty-one flouring mills in Manitoba and the Northwest.

Horseshoe nails made in St. John, N. B., are being shipped to Buenos Ayres.

The proposed dry dock at Kingston will be one of the largest on the chain of lakes.

The mean summer temperature of Manitoba, as based on observations of ten years, is 60.8°

Hereafter the Canadian Club in New York will be known as the St. James' Club. That is a pity.

Moncton, N.B., has decided to abolish gas for street lighting purposes, and is receiving tenders for electric lights.

The amount of Dominion notes in circulation is \$16,297,913, and the excess of specie and guaranteed and unguaranteed debentures is \$3,814,910.

The area of Manitoba is 132,200 square miles. This is over two thousand square miles greater than the united area of England, Ireland and Scotland.

The total area devoted to crops in Ontario is 7,616,350 acres, as compared with 7,429,084 acres in 1887 and 7,342,435 acres for the period of 1882-87.

The mills around St. John, N. B., are all busy and are cutting logs as fast as received. There are less reserve logs on hand than for several years past at this date.

The Ogilvie Flour Milling Company is the second largest in the world, and their mill at Winnipeg (capacity, 700 barrels daily) is one of the most complete in America.

Reports from different parts of the Northwest show that grain is being cut in every section, and there is every reason to believe the crop will be saved in excellent condition.

Thousands of beavers on the Athabasca died, during the past season, from a disease which extended from the foot hills of the Rockies to Fort McMurray on the Athabasca.

Halifax is the healthiest city of the Dominion. The death rate is a fraction over 18 to the 1,000 of population; Toronto being 19, St. John 21, Ottawa 22, Winnipeg 24, Quebec 28, and Montreal 30.

The good prices at which square timber sold this year in the Quebec market has caused quite a boom in that branch of the lumber trade, and as a consequence a big lot of square timber will be made this year.

Such towns as New Glasgow, Amherst, Bridgetown, and Windsor, in Nova Scotia, show a great increase, while mining towns like Spring Hill, Westville, and others have sprung into life and activity at a bound.

The largest bed of iron ore ever found in North Hastings has been discovered in the township of Wollaston, at the terminus of the Central Ontario Railway. The lode is from 60 feet to 200 feet in width, and has been traced for a distance of over 300 feet.

Prof. Pasteur responded to a request of two Indian Head farmers and sent out samples of poison recommended by him for the extermination of the rabbit pest in Australia, with the idea of destroying the gophers in the Northwest. It has operated capitally, and its use will doubtless overcome this pest.

Dr. McEachran, from Alberta, reports the cattle and the ranches in splendid condition, with every prospect of an enormous trade within a few years. After supplying Indian and Mounted Police contracts there will be 4,000 head of ranche cattle available for sale and shipment this year.

Much to the satisfaction of the people of British Columbia, the Chinese population in that province has been diminished by several thousands during the past two years. The explanation is that, owing to the completion of several railway enterprises, there is no longer a demand for Chinese labour.

Canada takes the foremost place as the source of Newfoundland's import trade, leading the United Kingdom by nearly \$400,000 and the United States by \$650,000. It was also the only country whose exports to the colony increased during 1887, both of its leading rivals showing a decrease.

After long experience of the world, I affirm before God I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.—*Junius*.

Black stockings are doomed, or so it is said, and, as for the last three or four years, it has been a crime to dream of wearing any other colour, it is more than probable the reaction has set in, and every other shade than the sober one will be patronised.

## QUAINT RHYMES AND FANCIES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

X.

### THE VILLANELLE.

This is the gem of all the forms of the Provençal verse, and the one which has been the most cultivated by English writers. The Villanelle is written in five three-lined stanzas, concluding with one of four lines. It will be seen that the refrain occupies eight of the nineteen lines and is of paramount importance; taken from the first and third line of the first stanza, the two supply alternately the last lines from the second to the fifth verse, and both conclude the quatrain which ends the Villanelle. Two rhymes only are allowed. The refrains must repeat in the order quoted in the example, the first refrain to conclude the second and fifth stanzas, the second refrain for the first, third and fifth, and both for the sixth. The pattern which all admit to be as near perfection as possible, by Ican Passerat, and hence it is given at once:—

J'ay perdu ma tourterelle;  
Est-ce bien elle que j'oy?  
Je veux aller après elle.

Tu regrettes ta femelle;  
Hélas! aussi fay-je-moy:  
J'ay perdu ma tourterelle.

Si ton amour est fidèle,  
Aussi est ferme ma foy:  
Je veux aller après elle.

Ta plainte se renouvelle?  
Toujours plaindre je me doy:  
J'ay perdu ma tourterelle.

En ne voyant plus la belle,  
Plus rien de beau je ne voy;  
Je veux aller après elle.

Mort, que tant de fois j'appelle,  
Prens ce qui se donne à toy:  
J'ay perdu ma tourterelle,  
Je veux aller après elle.

A master of the verse, W. E. Henley, will give us a description of the Villanelle:—

A dainty thing's the Villanelle,  
Sly, musical, a jewel in rhyme,  
It serves its purpose passing well.

A double-clappered silver bell  
That must be made to clink in chime,  
A dainty thing's the Villanelle;

And if you wish to flute a spell,  
Or ask a meeting 'neath the lime,  
It serves its purpose passing well.

You must not ask of it the swell  
Of organs grandiose and sublime—  
A dainty thing's the Villanelle;

And, filled with sweetness as a shell  
Is filled with sound and launched in time,  
It serves its purpose passing well.

Still fair to see and good to smell,  
As in the quaintness of its prime,  
A dainty thing's the Villanelle,  
It serves its purpose passing well.

A mosaic gem is the following by that cunning craftsman, Austin Dobson, first printed in *Longman's Magazine*, under the heading "At the Sign of the Ship," for July, 1887:—

When I saw you last, Rose,  
You were only so high;—  
How fast the time goes!

Like a bud ere it blows,  
You just peeped at the sky,  
When I last saw you, Rose.

Now your petals unclose,  
Now your May-time is high;—  
How fast the time goes!

And a life,—how it grows!  
You were scarcely so shy,  
When I saw you last, Rose!

In your bosom it shows  
There's a guest on the sly;  
How fast the time goes!

Is it Cupid? Who knows!  
Yet you used not to sigh,  
When I saw you last, Rose;—  
How fast the time goes!

Beautiful as is the original, the translation by Joseph Boulmier reads simple and almost sweeter. At least, it is subjoined that the reader may judge

for himself of the difference in treatment which the genius of the two tongues entails:—

Vous étiez encore petite,  
Rose, la dernière fois....  
Dieu! que le temps passe vite.

Fleur innocente qu'abrite  
Tendrement l'ombre des bois,  
Vous étiez encore petite.

Et déjà la marguerite  
Va s'effeuillant sur vos doigts....  
Dieu! que le temps passe vite.

Oh, comme se précipite  
La vie. A peine j'y crois....  
Vous étiez encore petite.

Dans votre sein qui palpite  
Se glisse un hôte sournois....  
Dieu! que le temps passe vite.

Chez vous Cupidon s'invite:  
Adieu la paix d'autrefois!  
Vous étiez encore petite:  
Dieu! que le temps passe vite!

We close with a little rattler by Cosmo Monkhouse, to show the pliancy of this poem, even to the lightest themes:—

Beautiful, distracting Hetty,  
This was how it came to be,  
As we strolled upon the jetty.

I had danced three times with Netty,  
She had flirted with Dobree,  
Beautiful, distracting Hetty.

I was humming Donizetti,  
Hurt was I, and angry she,  
As we strolled upon the jetty.

As she levelled her Negretti,  
With provoking nicety,  
Beautiful, distracting Hetty,

Suddenly she flashed a pretty,  
Half-defiant glance at me,  
As we strolled upon the jetty.

And our quarrel seemed so petty,  
By the grandeur of the sea!  
Beautiful, distracting Hetty,  
As we strolled upon the jetty.



Bouquet throwing has been abolished in the London theatres.

Joseph Jefferson has finished his Canadian fishing trip and is doing some more fishing at Buzzard's Bay, Mass.

Leo Goldmark cannot compose music unless he is sipping black coffee. He often drinks twelve cups at a sitting.

Pinero, the English play writer, is tall, thin and dark, and has burning eyes in deep sockets that give him an almost weird appearance.

Harry W. Rich, the popular Variety player, is a Toronto boy, who has just closed his holiday there and "taken the road" for the season.

Mr. Edward Fisher has just returned from England, where he has been upon important business for the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Strauss has nearly finished a new opera which is to be called a "Kiss in Honour," for which the poet Ludwig Von Doczy has furnished the libretto.

Mr. Barry Sullivan, now 64 years old, has been suffering from nervous prostration and is very feeble. He has a pleasant home at West Brighton.

Raoul Lacroix, of Montreal, is doing well in Paris studying for the operatic stage. His voice is a rich baritone which is much admired by Faure.

The monumental organ of Notre Dame Church, in this city, is being set up. It will be the largest instrument in Canada, and second to only one or two in the United States.

M. Wiallard, the French tenor dwelling in Canada, is at present sojourning in Paris, where he is meeting with most enthusiastic receptions from the Parisian public. He intends to return to Canada shortly.

Neil Warner, so long a dweller in Montreal, has taken to the stage again in the U. S., and is doing well. Mrs. Neil Warner is a daughter of the famous "Old Man" of the London stage, Chippendale. She is a sweet and accomplished lady and artist.

When Verdi arrived at Montecatini, where he is spending his vacation, he found a fine piano installed in the sitting-room taken for him. It was open and the proprietor of the hotel had placed "Trovatore" on the key-board. The composer removed the book, closed the instrument, locked it, put the key in his pocket, started for a walk, and flung the key over the edge of a deep ravine.





Mr. Mowat has quietly resumed the reins of office.

Sir Charles Tupper has been made a baronet. The title is hereditary.

Mr. M. Zaito, wholesale merchant from Japan, is visiting Canada on a business trip.

The President's message broke off Sir John's holidays, and he turned back to the Capital.

Bishop Bond is on a pastoral tour among the missionary parishes on the Ottawa River.

The Governor-General opens his series of balls at the old Quebec Citadel on the 5th inst.

James Johnson, editor of the *Ottawa Citizen*, is travelling with Mr. Bowell in the Northwest.

Sir John Rose was a remarkable man, living odd years ago as Finance Minister at Ottawa.

Mrs. Lucy E. Hatt, sister of the late Sir Allan Napier MacNab, died in Hamilton, aged 78 years.

The Governor-General will open the Central Canada Exhibition at Ottawa on the 12th of September.

Mr. Buchanan, general manager of the Bank of Montreal, is enchanted with all he sees in the Northwest.

Thos. Shaw, of Hamilton, has been appointed professor of agriculture in the Ontario agricultural college.

Baron Julius Reuter is 70 years old, and has been hard at work for fifty-five years. He is still bright and active.

The marriage of Miss Brenda Allan, daughter of Mr. Andrew Allan, to Mr. Meredith, of the Bank of Montreal, will take place in September or October.

T. J. Finn, superintendent of the *Gazette* news room, was lately elected as delegate of the C. M. B. A. to the Supreme Council of the United States.

Dr. W. E. Fairfield, of Wequiock, Wis., was in town on his way to New York. He was a graduate of Bishop's, Lennoxville, in 1885, and twice gold medallist of that institution.

The council of the Toronto Board of Trade have decided to tender a reception to His Excellency the Governor-General upon the occasion of his first visit to that city at the opening of the Industrial Exhibition.

Sir John Macdonald has returned to Ottawa greatly improved in health by his sojourn by the sea. He was met at the depot by several friends and drove at once to his temporary residence on Daly street, where he will live until alterations at Earncliffe are completed.

Florence Nightingale is now a patient at a London hospital, which she herself founded. It is said that she is suffering from an affection of the spine, which originated as long ago as the Crimean war, when she ministered so faithfully to the wants of the sick and wounded soldiers.

### MILITIA NEWS.

Colonel Frank Bond is just back from Wimbledon, and speaks highly of British hospitality to Canadians.

The 5th and 6th Brigade Districts are now snugly installed in the new and monumental Montreal Drill Hall.

Colonel Holmes, commandant of "C" battery, telegraphs that the battery has returned to Victoria from the Skeena river, the men all well.

The application of the Royal Scots to attend the Burns celebration in Albany, N. Y., has been refused by the Government. There is an order-in-council forbidding the militia in uniform to visit the United States.

The Dominion Rifle Association meeting, which opened at Ottawa on Monday, was the largest ever known. Teams were present from every province and from the territories, and entries poured into the secretary from all quarters.

Instructions from militia headquarters at Ottawa have been sent to make an estimate of the damage caused to the Bonsecours market, Montreal, by its occupation by the volunteers. The city had already appointed three experts, who estimated the damage at \$10,879.

A portable military railway, brought from France on the "Chateau Leoville," is on view at Montreal. The sections are about twenty feet in length. The supports are movable trucks on heavy planks. This portable line renders it possible to move heavy artillery over marches which would otherwise be impassable.

The correspondent of the *Toronto Mail* who interviewed Major-General Cameron upon his arrival in Kingston to take over the command of the Royal Military College, writes as follows:—"General Cameron is short in stature, sharp-featured, spectacled, and grey-haired. He has a moustache, but no whiskers. 'I was surprised,' he said, 'when I was offered command of the college. The offer was most unexpected. After I attended the Fisheries Commission in Washington I spent some time in travelling on the Continent, and was just about to take a house in Germany to settle in.' His children, of whom he has several, are now attending school in England. They, with Mrs. Cameron, will probably not come to Kingston until next year."

### LUNDY'S LANE.

As the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* was founded, in great measure, to promote the study of Canadian history, the fostering of the national feeling, and to assist in the building of monuments to worthy men and deeds, it takes pleasure in giving publicity to a scheme for a memorial to the Battle of Lundy's Lane, as set forth in the following Appeal to British Canadians:—

Seventy-three years ago General Brown, commanding the American forces, lay at Chippawa with 5,000 men. Riall lay at Lundy's Lane, whither, at 5.30 in the evening, came General Drummond from Toronto, by way of Queenston, with 800 regulars and militia. Brown had been threatening an attack with his whole force, and when Drummond arrived, Riall had already commenced a retreat, his advance guard, 800 strong, being already some distance away. Drummond promptly sent to recall them, and at once formed his line of battle. On the summit of the hill he planted a battery of five field guns, with two brass 24-pounders slightly in advance. In rear of the battery he posted the 89th Regiment, a detachment of the Royal Scots and the light companies of the 41st. The Glengarry Light Infantry held the right and the Canadian militia and a detachment of the 3rd Buffs the left, while a squadron of the 19th Light Dragoons were placed slightly in the rear. The enemy were already within 600 yards, the advance guard, consisting of Scott's brigade, being 2,000 strong, while Ripley's brigade, which soon joined, added 2,000 more, and Brown himself shortly arrived with another 1,000 men. From 5.30 until 9 o'clock Drummond fought the American forces, his cannon doing terrible execution, and his men standing firm, even when his left flank was flung back to the crest of the hill by sheer weight of numbers, and his gunners were being bayoneted as they worked their pieces. At the latter hour Riall's advance guard, which had been recalled, came up, and with it 400 militia, reinforcing Drummond with 1,200 men. Then the battle raged with greater fury than ever. The moon shed a faint light that failed to pierce the battle smoke and was lost before the spouting flame of the artillery and the volleying musketry. By a desperate charge the Americans at length captured the battery and drove the British troops over the hill; but old Drummond threw off his hat, called his men, and with a grand cheer they swept back again over the hill, retook their own battery, and, capturing one gun of the enemy, turned it against the Americans. But the latter were not yet satisfied. Pushing their guns close up to Drummond's batteries, there ensued a cannon duel at a few paces, dealing wreck and ruin about in a horrible manner. But British cold steel was again brought into play, and at midnight, with the bayonet goading his sides, Brown reluctantly began his retreat, halting at Chippawa and finally falling back on Fort Erie. The battlefield was a terrible spectacle. Seventeen hundred men lay dead and wounded on the trampled and torn sod, while those unhurt were literally exhausted. The British loss was 870. The Americans had 930 killed and wounded and lost 300 prisoners.

The Battle of Lundy's Lane virtually ended the campaign of 1812-14. It is seventy-three years since. The battle-ground is there with its trenches of the slain and a few headstones to mark as many names and the occasion. That is all. No worthy monument appears to attest respect and to give honour to the memory of those heroic defenders of our soil, who fought and fell July 25, 1814. The graves are neglected and need restoration; the headstones, with very few exceptions, are inferior and are decayed.

The Warden and Council of the County of Welland have consented to act as an Executive and Trust Committee for the management of a fund, now solicited from Canadians, for the restoration of the military graves of 1814 and the erection of a monument at Lundy's Lane, which shall include the memory of the heroine, Mrs. Laura Secord, of that period, who died nineteen years ago, aged 93. The Lundy's Lane Historical Society will assist in giving information and in

promoting the patriotic work. The York Pioneers, of Toronto; the New Brunswick Historical Society, of St. John, N.B., have written letters of loyal sympathy on account of "The Lundy's Lane Battle Ground." From New Brunswick came a detachment of the 104th Regiment to fight under General Drummond.

Donations are now solicited for the "Lundy's Lane Fund." The Canadian militia no doubt will be among the first to aid it, as they were the first to promote the Brock's monument fund; and all loyal Canadians will aid by even small donations, made payable per P. O. order, or otherwise, to James McGlashan, Esq., Manager Imperial Bank at Welland (who is also County Treasurer of Welland, Ont.)



"What's become of Sam Gratz, Jim?" "Well, sir, from the erect, proud young man of but one year ago, he has come down to pushing a baby carriage."

"I cannot sing the old songs,"  
She shrieks with much ado;  
And, if she wants to please us,  
She'll skip the new ones, too.

"A tribe in the palm region of the Amazon cradles the young in palm leaves." In this country a palm also enters largely into the work of bringing up the young, but it is used more in thrashing than in cradling.

"Does the razor take hold well?" inquired a darkey who was shaving a gentleman from the country. "Yes," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes, "it takes hold first rate, but it don't let go worth a cent."

"I know I've got a vein of poetry in me, sir," confidently asserted the young man to the editor, "and all I want is a chance to bring it out. What would you suggest, sir?"

"I think you had better see a doctor and have it lanced."

"I hear that you and your brother contested your father's will, Mr. Dollargon; did you break it?"

"I should say we did; broke everybody that had anything to do with the estate or the family, except the lawyers."

"You have a great deal of wind here, don't you?" inquired the tourist.

"Well, ye-es," said the native, "we have, but"—brightening up—"it doesn't belong here; it all comes from away up in the northwest, somewhere."

Countryman (looking over copy of "Æsop's Fables")—What's the price of this book, Mister?

Dealer—Fifty cents. Do you want a copy?

Countryman—No; the feller what wrote it has stole most of his ideas from the newspapers.

"I sell peppermints on Sunday," remarked a good old lady, who kept a chandler's shop, "because they carry 'em to church and eats 'em, and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you want pickles you must come week days. They are secular commodities."

A society item says that pet dogs are now clad in mantles with pockets for holding lumps of sugar, bracelets on their paws and a string of little silver bells around the neck. Thousands of neglected children missed a mighty good thing by not being born pet dogs.

In the country: "Miss Travis—O, here you are, Mr. De Smith! Mrs. Raynor says she lost the dinner horn and doesn't know how to get the men up to dinner. Suppose you go out and stand on the piazza. I think they could hear your necktie as far as the last meadow."

There is a youth who, everytime he wishes to get a glimpse of his adored one, plants himself beneath her window and yells "Fire." In the alarm of the moment she of course plunges her head out of the window and inquires where, when he thumps his breast and exclaims, "Here, here, my Caroline."

One day, at the table of Cardinal Richelieu, Bautru, seeking to amuse him, inquired of one of the strangers present—"Monsieur, excuse me, but how did they value asses in your country when you set forth?" The retort was an excellent one. "Those of your weight and size were priced at ten crowns."

"For her dear sake."—Wife—"John, your hair is coming out at a terrible rate."

Husband—"I know it is, my dear. I must do something for it at once."

Wife—"I wish you would, John, for my sake. You know how people will talk."

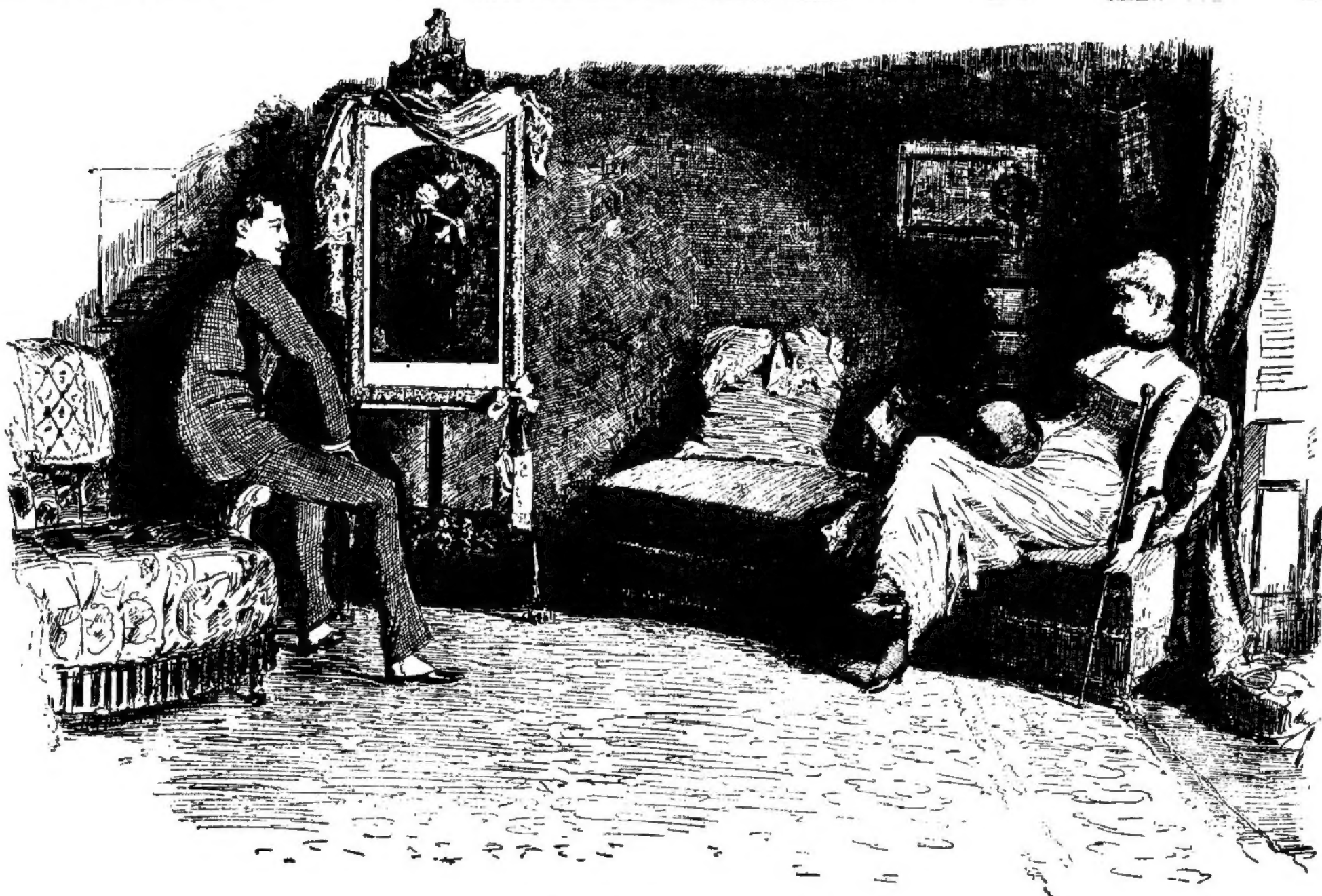
"Had your vacation yet, Jobbins?"

"Yes, four weeks—nice quiet time."

"Queer. Seems as if I had seen you around town all summer."

"Oh, I've been here, but my daughter has been off. The piano hasn't been opened for four weeks."





AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S.

HE: I say, Jenny, let's be taken together, like these, you know; only I should n't want the instantaneous process.

## THE Canadian Pacific Railway

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

From Montreal the rates are:

To Banff and return.	- \$90 00
To Vancouver, Victoria, Tacoma, Seattle, or Portland and return.	125 00
To San Francisco and return.	- - - 140 00

From other stations the rates are proportionately low.

Descriptive books may be obtained of Company's agents, or by addressing the Passenger Traffic Manager at Montreal.

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There being private schools bearing names somewhat similar, it is particularly requested that letters for the Conservatory be addressed to  
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**Sault Ste. Marie Canal.**

**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

**SEALED TENDERS**, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on **TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October next**, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island; the construction of locks, &c. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, &c.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after **TUESDAY, the 9th day of October, next**, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further a **bank deposit receipt** for the sum of \$20,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a **bank deposit receipt** for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, &c.

The respective **deposit receipts**—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department, however, does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.



**St. Lawrence Canals.**

**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

**SEALED TENDERS**, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on **Thursday, the 25th day of September next**, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal. And for the deepening and enlargement of the summit level of the Cornwall Canal. The construction of a new lock at each of the three interior lock stations on the Cornwall Canal between the Town of Cornwall and Maple Grove; the deepening and widening of the channel-way of the canal; construction of bridges, etc.

A map of each of the localities together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after **Tuesday, the 11th day of September next**, at this office for all the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places:—

For the works at Galops, at the Lock-keeper's House, Galops. For deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing; and for the new locks, etc., at lock-stations Nos. 18, 19 and 20, at the Town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, a **bank deposit receipt** for the sum of \$6,000 must accompany the tender for the Galops Canal Works, and a **bank deposit receipt** for the sum of \$2,000 for each section of the works on the summit level of the Cornwall Canal; and for each of the lock sections on the Cornwall Canal a **bank deposit receipt** for the sum of \$4,000.

The respective **deposit receipts**—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

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